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THE DESERTED ROAD.

BY T. B. READ.

ANCIENT road, that wind'st deserted  
Through the level of the vale,  
Sweeping toward the crowded market  
Like a stream without a sail;

Standing by thee, I look backward,  
And, as in the light of dreams,  
See the years descend and vanish,  
Like thy whitely-tented teams.

Here I stroll along the village  
As in youth's departed morn;  
But I miss the crowded coaches,  
And the driver's bugle-horn—

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters  
Filling buckets at the wells,  
With their wains from Conestoga,  
And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy way-side tavern

Comes the noisy throng no more,  
And the faded sign, complaining,  
Swings unnoticed at the door;

While the old, decrepit tollman,  
Waiting for the few who pass,  
Reads the melancholy story  
In the thickly-springing grass.

Ancient highway, thou art vanquished;  
The usurper of the vale  
Rolls in fiery, iron rattle  
Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquished and neglected;  
But the good which thou hast done,  
Though by man it be forgotten,  
Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray, and grassy,  
Still I pray that my decline  
May be through as vernal valleys  
And as blest a calm as thine.

## LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG.

[This song is set to music by Henry Russell, and published at the *Musical Bouquet Office*, High Holborn.]

"Topsy neber was born,  
Neber had a moder ;  
'Spects I grewed a nigger brat,  
Jist like any oder.  
Whip me till the blood pours down —  
Ole missus used to do it ;  
She said she 'd cut my heart right out,  
But neber could get to it.  
Got no heart, I don't belieb —  
Niggers do widout em.  
Neber heard of God or Love,  
So can't tell much about 'em."

This is Topsy's savage song,  
Topsy 'cute and clever ;  
Hurrah, then, for the white man's right —  
Slavery forever !

"I 'spects I 'se very wicked,  
That 's jist what I am ;  
Only you jist give me chance,  
Won't I rouse Ole Sam ?  
'Taint no use in being good,  
Cos I 'se black, you see ;  
I neber cared for nothin' yet,  
And nothin' cares for me.  
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Miss Feely's hand  
Dun know how to grip me ;  
Neber likes to do no work,  
And wont, widout they whip me."

This is Topsy's savage song,  
Topsy 'cute and clever ;  
Hurrah, then, for the white man's right —  
Slavery forever !

"Don't you die, Miss Evy,  
Else I go dead too ;  
I knows I 'se wicked, but I 'll try  
And be all good to you.  
You hab taught me better things,  
Though I 'se nigger skin ;  
You hab found poor Topsy's heart,  
Spite of all its sin.  
Don't you die, Miss Evy dear,  
Else I go dead too ;  
Though I 'se black, I 'se sure that God  
Will let me go wid you."

This is Topsy's human song,  
Under Love's endeavor ;  
Hurrah, then, for the white child's work —  
Humanity forever !

ELIZA COOK.

From Household Words.

## EXPRESS.

We move in the elephantine row ;  
The faces of our friends retire ;  
The roof withdraws ; and quaintly flow  
The curtaying lines of magic wire.  
With doubling and redoubling beat,  
We swiftly glide, ever more fleet.

By flower-knots, shrubs, and slopes of grass,  
Cut walls of rock with ivy stains,  
Through winking arches swift we pass,  
And flying, meet the flying trains ;  
Whirr — gone !  
We hurry on.

Trim corn-fields ; kine in pleasant leas ;  
A hamlet lane, or spire, or pond ;  
Long hedge-rows ; counter-changing trees ;  
The blue and steady hills beyond.  
House, platform, post,  
Flash — and are lost.

Smooth-edged canals ; and mills on brooks ;  
And granges, busier than they seem,  
Rose-crushed ; or of graver looks,  
Rich with old tile and motley beam.  
Clay-ridge,  
Hollow bridge.

Gray vapor-surges, whirled by wind  
Of roaring tunnels, dark and long ;  
Then sky and landscape unconfined ;  
Then scattered towns where workers throng ;  
The whistle shrill  
Controls our will.

Broad vents and chimneys tall as masts,  
With heavy flags of streaming smoke ;  
Brick mazes ; fiery furnace-blasts ;  
Walls, wagons, gritty heaps of cooke ;  
And now our ponderous rank  
Glides in with hiss and clank.

Swift was our boldly-measured course  
Athwart a tranquil, busy land,  
Subdued by long and painful force  
Of plotting head and plodding hand.  
Men neither strong nor sage  
Have wondrous heritage !

## EPITAPHS.

FROM THETFORD CHURCHYARD.

My grandfather was buried here,  
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear ;  
My father perished with an inflammation in the  
thighs,  
And my sister dropped down dead in the Mino-  
ries :  
But the reason why I 'm here interred, according  
to my thinking,  
Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking.  
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live  
long,  
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or  
anything strong.

FATHER and Mother and I  
Lies buried here, as under ;  
Father and Mother lies buried here,  
And I lies buried yonder.

From the Eclectic Review.

*Essai sur la Vie et le Caractère de J. J. Rousseau.* Par S. H. MORIN. Paris: Ledoyer. 1852.

THE Eastern theory of the transmigration of souls may be illustrated by the principle of liberty. It is that immortal spirit which the heroic poets describe it to be; but it appears to every age in a new shape. In the ancient republics it harmonized in beauty with the works of that genius which it made sublime. It was a ghastly and unnatural phantom among the ruins of the Bourbon monarchy in France. Its means of development are, like its aspect, varied into a new fashion for every time and every country. The ostracism of statesmen at Athens and the stabbing of Cæsar at Rome, the execution of Charles and the assassination of Marat, arose from one feeling deeply rooted in human nature. It suspected Aristides and trusted Monk. It was defended by the pious eloquence of Milton; by the subtle logic of Dumarsais; by the daring sophistry of Volney and Voltaire; by the blasphemy of Helvetius; and by the fantastic, but beautiful declamation of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

For this reason the defenders of liberty have ignorantly been supposed to be necessarily hostile to religion. Such an error would be less surprising had piety been a characteristic of the writers who have propagated despotic opinions. Clarendon possessed faith, but Gibbon scoffed; Hume was a cold-blooded infidel, and Hobbes was a blasphemer. If Paine eulogized free governments, Collins libelled them. Diderot and Dalember, the enemies of Christianity, were the friends of republican institutions; but Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, the friends of despotism, were the enemies of Christianity also. Therefore it is not only unphilosophical, but malicious, to identify the political principles of these men with their religious ideas. We have no more right to say that the democratic spirit is an emanation from impiety because Condorcet, who denied the divine right of kings, denied also the divinity of Christ, than to declare that monarchy and blasphemy are synonymous terms because the sophist of Malmesbury was the apologist of both. The truth is that as advocates cannot select their clients, clients are often unable to secure the advocates they would choose to plead in their behalf. It is a general misfortune of society, and has been the great obstacle to the progress of every righteous cause. More injury has been done to liberty by dangerous friends—Jesuits at one time, and infidels at another—than by all the persecutions which tyrants and oligarchies have devised since the establishment of laws.

Among the men who, during the eighteenth

century, aided in the terrific revolution of opinion in France, Rousseau was the most extraordinary. His moral character, his religious theories, even his political principles, were problems which he bequeathed to posterity. Unlike all other human beings, as he was, he only perplexed the world more hopelessly by endeavoring to describe himself. Before his "Confessions" were published, there was a cloud about him; but when these appeared, though part of the old mystery was dispelled, a new one, far more impenetrable, was created. Accordingly, many as the writers are who have investigated the idiosyncracies of Rousseau, not one has secured the concurrence of mankind with his views. There is still confusion; there are still contradictory ideas. To some the Genevese sophist is even now an inspired idiot; to others an impostor, mad with vanity;—a philosopher to the remnants of the Academy, a maniac to the relics of the Sorbonne. A whole cabinet of literature is divided, therefore, between the apologists, the panegyrists, the detractors, the libellers, and the temperate critics of Rousseau. Burke paints him as a wild conspirator, with a rainbow fancy, a pen bewitching by its eloquence, and a mind plunged into delirium by the study of phantasies. Lord John Russell commemorates him as the false oracle of Geneva pursuing an ideal of social virtue, losing himself in searching it; but converting and deluding an entire people. Baruel points him out as a bewildered dreamer, a criminal with redeeming qualities, one of the most dangerous that ever lived, because his sophisms were so persuasive; but not one of the worst, because none could approach in audacity the powerful but repulsive genius of Voltaire. The French drink in his doctrines, and venerate his ashes in the Pantheon; the Germans reject his theories as too aerial to be in unison with theirs; the English read his "Confessions," admire his sentimental reveries, neglect his political works, and vituperate or ridicule his name. In this manner the discussion has gone on through more than half a century, and new apologists or detractors appear at intervals to assist in elucidating or obscuring the truth.

Rousseau's latest critic in our language is Mr. Bancroft; in his own, M. Morin. The American historian places himself between libel and panegyric, to draw a fair character of this "self-torturing sophist," but assumes a tone somewhat too conventional for the discussion of a subject on which it is essentially necessary to avoid consulting the catalogue of registered opinions. The French writer, on the other hand, comes like a Red-Cross knight, assailing every antagonist of Rousseau; defending all the acts of his life, and all the motives of his acts, denying every hostile charge; and scathing with every contempt-

uous invective all who find a blemish in the conduct or morals of Madame de Warens' lover. His analysis does not pretend to be a picture of Jean Jacques' whole career. It eliminates, though not entirely, the episodes of his earlier life, but finds abundant opportunity to prove its own boldness and determination, by defending all the most equivocal passages of the philosopher's career after he retired to the Hermitage, in 1757. According to this defence, he was honest in his intrigue with Madame D'Houdetot; he was excusable in his submission to the younger Levasseur; he was pardonable in abandoning his children to the suspicious mercies of a Foundling Hospital. This is the fault of all apologies. They convert crimes into virtues; error into wisdom; weakness into elevation of mind.

In touching on the subject which M. Morin has so laboriously laid open, we shall not be expected to describe the life or to analyze the character of Rousseau. There are conspicuous points in both, however, which may be entered upon briefly, that we may express a general opinion of the whole. Few are found, with the dippancy of Gray, to express contempt for his genius, or to deny the power and sweetness of his pen. But he is so little understood that a criticism on his life and opinions can never be without its interest.

The only misfortune, according to Chateaubriand, which is greater than that of giving birth to another, is that of being born yourself. This affliction he probably derived from Rousseau, who describes the day of his birth as the most unfortunate of his life. So, perhaps, it was, though not in the sense he intended; for his mother died on that day, leaving him, on the 28th of June, 1712, half an orphan, to the care of his father, a humble watchmaker of Geneva. His education, with its results, justifies the fears of those who dread the influence on their children's minds of an unchecked habit of reading romances. Before he learned one maxim of virtue; before he was on his guard against a single temptation; before a solitary moral feeling, or one religious perception had been introduced into his breast, he was accustomed to pore over exciting fictions, wild stories, appealing to the most dangerous passions of his nature. The emotions which thus became early familiar to him, the ideas he acquired of life, the brooding dreams in which he indulged, all tended to form a character originally susceptible to any powerful impression. The groundwork, therefore, of his disposition was the agitation of the feelings, and the pleasing of the senses. From this state he passed into a new stage of intellectual existence. He threw aside tales, and read history — the narratives of the heroic age, the lives of illustrious Romans and Greeks, the epic of ancient liberty, which in-

spired him with the free, republican spirit he afterwards communicated to the whole race speaking a language in common with him. He also derived from early teaching a taste for music, exemplified in his later years by many beautiful compositions. When sent to school he learned, not quickly, but well, though all the while his imagination was far more active than his reasoning faculties. He felt far more and far deeper than he thought. It was this which was at once a sign and a cause of those habits of mind which rendered him so miserable to himself, and so unintelligible to others.

The moral education of Rousseau, though he is not willing to reveal the truth, was of a very equivocal character. At home, the code of French romances instilled into him his first and very false ideas of honor; at school, he was initiated into the practice of concealment, of disobedience, and of falsehood; under his father's roof, again, he was a licensed idler, and then, when apprenticed to an engraver, the cruelty and selfishness of his master, interpreted by the dangerous sophistry of youth, formed a justification for positive offences as well as neglect of duty. His pleas to himself are singularly characteristic of his state of mind. He was watched at his work, therefore he cunningly eluded it. He was not permitted to share in all the delicacies of the table, therefore he stole what would compensate for the things thus withheld. By such a process his mind became hardened against virtuous impressions. He grew selfish, sensual, and greedy.

The cruelty of his master at length caused him to run away. He escaped to Compignon, met with the curé, who persuaded him to apostatize from the Reformers' faith, and was by him directed to the mansion of Madame de Warens, at Annecy. That woman, at his first sight of her, appears to have exercised an extraordinary influence upon him. He could little have foreseen then that he was to become her lover, the master of her heart, the depositary of her secrets; nor she that he would be her jealous tyrant, that he would expose to the world all the acts of her life, that he would reveal every scandalous episode of their intercourse, and fix her name forever, as a less vulgar Theodora, among the female characters disreputable in history. She then, however, by the aid of some ecclesiastics, sent him to Turin to be instructed in the Catholic religion, which he soon afterwards embraced, though confessing it was the act of a bandit to yield up his creed for the sake of easier means of life. In two months he left the college, with twenty francs as the purchase-money of his apostasy, and entered the service of the Comtesse de Vercellis. In her house occurred that famous incident which fixes a deep moral stain on the early life of Rousseau. There was a



piece of ribbon, rose-colored, with silver flowers, old and faded, but handsome, nevertheless. He desired to possess it. He was dishonest, and he stole it. That, however, was not all. There was in the house a poor country maid, an innocent, pretty girl, never known to have committed an unworthy action. When the ribbon was inquired for, it was found in the possession of Rousseau, who was base enough to accuse this girl of having stolen and given it to him. He was confronted with her, but persisted in the charge; and she implored him, with tears, as she had never wronged him, not so bitterly to wrong her, and when he continued his assertions, said—"Well, Rousseau, I would not be in your place." She was dismissed, ruined, and was never more heard of. All the atonement he ever made for this crime was to reveal it in his "Confessions." It appears frivolous to search by any subtle analysis of his character for an explanation of this event. A theft and a lie were committed by him without scruple; the only singular fact being that, afterwards, without any necessity, he made them known to the world.

It is only just, however, to remember that he was then but a youth, and that this was his last offence of a similar character. His morals, however, considered from another point of view, were impure and disgraceful. Not to touch upon his earlier confessions, it is enough to know that while he was exacting the most scrupulous fidelity from Léonore de Warens, he was intriguing with other women; that his connexion with Madame D'Houdetot was far from reputable; that he only married Therese de Levasseur when he was approaching old age; and that when she had become his wife, he absolutely connived at her infringements of the first moral law. There is no apology for these episodes of his life, unless that be virtue in a man of genius which in a common man is vice—a theory not only dangerous in itself, but so absurd that it cannot for a single instant be defended.

The explanation of Rousseau's other faults, however, is to be found in his excessive vanity. He sighed for admiration, especially the admiration of women. But there was this peculiarity in his conceit: he did not desire the applause of all alike, but only of such as he could himself conceive an attachment for. He would, without regret, be indifferent to those who were indifferent to him. An amusing incident in illustration of this occurred when he was valet in the service of Count Gouvion, in Turin. There was in the house Mademoiselle de Breiel, a young lady of extreme beauty, but proud and cold to all beneath her. From her Rousseau sought, and long in vain, to win a single look of regard. At length, one day a dinner-party took place, and Jean Jacques waited at table.

The conversation turned on the etymology of some idiomatic French phrase. Various were the learned theories set forth, but the real explanation baffled them all, for a scholar of no ordinary acquirements was needed to solve the point. Rousseau was observed to smile as he heard diplomatists and ecclesiastics by turns taking up the dispute and abandoning it in despair. His master noticed this, and asked him if he had anything to observe. Then quietly, but confidently, he decomposed the sentence under analysis into its original parts, traced each word back to its origin, and made the whole so luminous that no possibility of misunderstanding it could remain. Every one gazed in astonishment upon him. But Jean Jacques cared not a whit for their applause, for he was furtively looking to see whether Mademoiselle de Breiel took any notice of him, and when he saw that she too was smiling, his whole frame trembled with mixed emotions, partly of pride, but partly also with a tenderness towards her which he hardly dared to confess even to himself.

From Turin, Rousseau returned to Annecy, and there, or at Charmette, lived for a long while with Madame de Warens. His intercourse with her, with the exception of some interruptions caused by an excursion in Switzerland and a visit to Paris, was constant. With her he studied Locke, Malebranche, Montaigne, Descartes, and other authors, training his mind up to the comprehension of political theories, and directing many of his inquiries to religion. She, however, was not the faithful friend he had believed her to be, and though he was lax to excess in his own conduct, her desertion grieved him bitterly. However, his energy soon directed him to the capital, and thence, in the position of secretary, to Venice, where his taste for Italian music was cultivated, and he conceived the design of his first opera. Returning to France, he commenced that splendid literary career which speedily gave him universal fame; but his works offended the crown, the church, the powerful ranks of society, and he was, in consequence, compelled to fly from Paris to Geneva, and thence to a rural seclusion in the dominions of the King of Prussia. Even there he could not remain in quietness. The clergy, by the aid of the populace, drove him from point to point until he sought refuge in England.

This leads to the consideration of one of the most conspicuous characteristics of Rousseau's mind, and one which exerted a powerful influence on his works. His *monomania* was, to believe that all the world persecuted him. Some have affirmed and some have denied this, while others again declare that he was justified in the idea. We will admit that he was pursued by malignity to every place he visited; but had he been a good man,

had he not persecuted himself, he need not have felt the persecutions of the world. In youth he destroyed his constitution by excesses; he made every misfortune worse by his manner of enduring it. When he was humiliated by being forbidden to eat his master's asparagus or apples, he degraded himself infinitely more by stealing them. When he was reduced to the condition of a valet, he went a thousand degrees lower, and became a thief. When Madame de Warens deserted him, he was unable to console himself with the reflection that he had acted with fidelity towards her. When he was an outcast from society, he made his children aliens from their father. When his wife wronged him, he was an accomplice in her offences. And, finally, when he summed up the record of his life, he blackened his own fame, destroyed the fame of others, and left a confession which is of value as a lesson, but, in our opinion, has been far more prolific of evil than of good.

Therefore, though Rousseau might justly complain that many others were false to him, he could never boast that he had been true to himself. This, while it lessens our commiseration for the pitiable victim of his own caprices, does not, however, diminish in any degree the opprobrium which attaches to his persecutors. They were not all, it is true, equally reprehensible, because they acted under different conditions, and from motives the most various. When the French government attacked him, it was upon their traditional principle that a political reformer should be rooted out from society. He assailed them, and they assailed him. He endeavored to show that they ruled by the right of power alone, and that the people were only bound to obey as long as they were themselves weak. He showed them to be corrupt, fraudulent, tyrannical. Therefore it is not surprising that they turned his weapons against himself, and sought to exclude him from every opportunity to propagate his ideas. It is even intelligible how they were animated to employ slander and vituperation to defame him. When men are charged with great crimes, which they cannot deny, they usually malign their accusers, in the hope of turning against them the obloquy intended for themselves.

This, we say, we can understand. We can understand, too, why the clergy of France, and, indeed, of all Europe, persecuted Rousseau. Whatever his apologists may say, he was a blasphemer against the Christian religion, and, consequently, against all religion, although he did not employ the vile and coarse invectives made use of by Voltaire. His system undoubtedly tended to the subversion of the national faith. Even the belief in a divinity was not fixed in his mind. His creed was a caprice. One day we find him

saying, "I am certain that God exists of himself." But shortly after we find, "Frankly I confess that neither the *pro* nor *con* (on the existence of God) appears to me demonstrated." The same variableness characterized many of his other opinions. He loved the sciences, yet received a crown from those who reviled them. He wrote against dramatic performances, yet composed several operas. He extolled the amenities of friendship, and sought friends, yet broke faith with many of them. He not only praised, but explained the nature of virtue, yet daily committed an infringement of its laws. He confesses a hundred base and humiliating actions, yet vaunts himself as a paragon of men. He writes the most beautiful advice for mothers, yet abandons his own children; spends years in elaborating a theory of education — pernicious though it was — yet allows his offspring to sink among the nameless swarms of the Foundling Hospital. It cannot, therefore, excite wonder that this man fluctuated in his religious belief. At one time he apostatized for the sake, he confesses, of gain, that he might live as a pensioner on the bounty of his friends. At another, rather than receive any one's bounty, he condemned himself to copy music at three-halfpence a page, when he might have been writing works every line of which an after-generation would have prized more than gold.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Rousseau was not a Christian. He assailed religion, and, in an ignorant country like France, he assailed it with the more effect because a venal church had become the reproach of Europe through its cupidity and corruption. Corrupt as it was, however, the clergy were interested in upholding it, and, therefore, when Jean Jacques assaulted it, they naturally directed their persecutions against him. We may, indeed, in the spirit of our own age, believe that the wise reply to his declamation would have been to have reformed their church and defended their religion, and not to have pelted him with stones at Motier, or forged libels on his personal character at Paris. Christianity conquers without persecution, which only exalts to martyrdom the miserable creatures that suffer it. But in the eighteenth century this was not understood. It was thought right to strangle every one who spoke as an enemy; and, accordingly, Rousseau saw his books burned, and was compelled to become an exile in search of an asylum.

This, also, we can understand. But what we cannot understand is the baseness, the virulence, the duplicity, with which men who shared his opinions, who joined in his labors, who shook him by the hand, and called themselves his friends, slandered, reviled, and

persecuted him. Horace Walpole forged a letter in the name of Frederic the Second, in which Rousseau's monomania was confessed and put in a ridiculous light, in order to excite obloquy and contempt against him in England. Such an act, committed by such a man, it is not difficult to comprehend. There was very little that was respectable in Horace Walpole. There was very little that was remarkable, except his vanity, his stupidity, and his want of principle. He, consequently, might have been expected to play a little part. But why David Hume, the obsolete historian, should court Rousseau, and flatter him, and give him hospitality, while he was intriguing with his enemies, circulating calumnies against him, and ridiculing his character, is not so easily explained. Nor is there any intelligible reason assigned, that Diderot, Voltaire, d'Alembert, Helvetius, and Grimm should pursue him with such inveterate malignity, and conspire his ruin, while they propagated his works and applauded them, unless we believe they were jealous of his fame, or, which is still more probable, that they were irritated by his refusal to become their tool.

This concourse of men, remarkable for their talent, but odious for their hostility to the Christian truth, forms one of the most remarkable features in the modern history of Europe. What phenomenon in literature was ever so extraordinary as the *Encyclopédie*? What machine was ever so cunningly devised? Had it been impregnated simply by the spirit of freedom, had it been designed only to overthrow the government, and had it not been filled with impiety and impurity, humanity would have blessed its labors. Had the Puritan spirit given its vitality to all this genius, what a revolution would that of France have been! But, instead of this, the corruption of politics produced the scandal of Christianity; atheism and not religion was offered as the cure of superstition, just as servitude and not freedom has been proposed as the cure for anarchy. In reality, however, the Romish church opened its gates to infidelity. The Encyclopædists were natural successors to the four and twenty fathers of Escobar; the monasteries produced the academies, and the sophists triumphed for a while, because the Jesuits — the Pope's life-guards, as Frederic the Second called them — had been triumphant a century before.

From this school of writers, however, it is necessary, in some degree, to separate Rousseau. He was a man of strong passions and weak principles, whose power of imagining was equal to his power of feeling, and this seduced him into every folly and every crime that held out an enticing reward. Being long without a moral dictator in that con-

science which he himself describes as a law anterior to opinion, he seldom resisted an impulse, of whatever kind, provided it offered to secure him some pleasure. In the same manner, being without religious conviction, he made up his faith of fancies, and was little scrupulous in the dissemination of impious notions. Yet he was not guilty of that gratuitous wickedness which prompted the abominable blasphemies of Diderot, Helvetius, and Voltaire. If he was an intellectual Robespierre, they were the Dantons of literature — eloquent indeed, but cold-blooded, repulsive, and deformed.

The social theories of Rousseau were blotted by the prevailing sin of his life. Of the relations between man and woman, though he could expound the noblest law, he generally propagated a lax idea. His example also was vicious in the extreme. He spent in dissoluteness his best years, and then, marrying the very woman who had least claim to be his wife, deserted her children and his own. Nevertheless he was to some friends very faithful, and, in his system for the reconstruction of society, he recognized occasionally the purest principles.

It is as a politician that we can most respect Rousseau. In many passages he is violent, in many vague, in many fantastical. Yet, in the "Discourse on the Inequality of Man," and in the "Social Contract," he displays a perfect knowledge of the object of government, and of the relations between people and rulers. So completely was he master of the political condition of Christendom that he predicted, with singular accuracy, many events which afterwards happened. Some of his forebodings referred to a period remoter than that at which we have arrived, and more than one of them seems likely to be fulfilled. Perhaps there are those who will not be disinclined to attach some faith to the following:—"The empire of Russia will endeavor to subjugate Europe; but in the struggle will herself be conquered. Her Tartar subjects, or her neighbors, will become her masters."

It is not, however, in these points that the value of Rousseau's political writings consist. It is in the fine analysis of the principles upon which despotism is founded, in the exposure of the truths by the diffusion of which it is undermined; in the description of the true nature and duties of governments, and the true rights and duties of nations. In this the philosopher is unrivalled. He came with fiery inspiration, and quickened in France the principles of a liberty which she will assuredly one day enjoy, in spite of the burlesque of empire enacting in her capital.

A writer in the "Biographical Magazine" has said that it was well that Hume, the

panegyrist of Monk, should be the maligner of Rousseau. Mr. Passmore Edwards' contributor is of this opinion, and, we think, rightly; but there have been others, and lately, who have remarked that this was not the only instance in which the tory historian falsified the character of a public man. For ourselves, had he in his correspondence done justice to Rousseau, we should almost say that Rousseau's character was the only one which he had not falsified. But he was a consistent libeller. Narrative and letters harmonize with their calumnies on the virtuous, and their apologies of profligacy. In fact, the only pity is that Hume did not choose from France a better man to slander than Rousseau. But we doubt whether Rousseau lost more in the estimation of mankind through the unscrupulous detraction of one who had all the ferocity of a bigot, without a bigot's sincerity, or through the uncompromising eulogiums of his admirers. Unfortunately, the critics are few, and a man must either be pilloried as a criminal or consecrated as a martyr.

The author of the work before us is an apologist for Rousseau. What he concedes to his detractors is what a friend would be most readily inclined to grant, and what they are not by any means most solicitous to prove. But in the main characteristics of his nature: in the great episodes of his career; in all that decides the reputation of a man, Jean Jacques was, according to M. Morin, noble, and pure, though his fame has been clouded by half a century of posthumous persecution. We have gone through the vindication with much interest, and are prepared to accredit it as a work of considerable historical value. The writer, though he tries to prove too much, does not declaim, but analyzes all the materials from which a life of Rousseau can be written. He passes over indeed the equivocal passages of his life, up to 1767, but after that date succeeds in clearing his name from much of the obloquy attaching to it. Above all, he triumphantly convicts the band of hypocrites who labored with such industrious malice to distort every circumstance connected with him from his retreat to the Hermitage, which they imputed to meanness, to his death, which they ascribed to poison. From the guilt of suicide, we think that history may now fairly exonerate Rousseau. He died naturally, in 1778, in the arms of his wife, who, in his latter days, behaved with great affection to him.

Some have been of opinion that it would have been well to lose all the beauty of Rousseau's works, if the world could have been spared the vice he propagated. Whatever we may think of this, certainly we must grieve that so much eloquence, so much learning, and so much wisdom, were not bequeathed by a more pious and less irreligious man.

From Chambers' Journal.

### THE POISON-EATERS.

Dr. TSCHUDI's further investigations on the subject of arsenic-eating have led to no new discoveries, but they have enabled him to add a few more examples to those he had already given. In every instance the poison-eater, when first questioned on the matter, denied his propensity with the most determined obstinacy. The confessions of one individual prove a consumption of poison in a certain number of years which is most extraordinary. From his twenty-seventh to his sixty-third year this person was accustomed to take each month, during several days, a dose of arsenic. He began, as usual, with a portion not larger than a grain of linseed, and for a long succession of years kept to this quantity. On weighing a piece of Hungarian arsenic, such as the man had been accustomed to take, it was found to vary from two to four grains. When asked why he had not increased the dose, he replied, he had not the courage to do so; for having attempted it once when tipsy, and not at the ordinary time, the consequence was severe attacks of colic, a burning in the throat, and throbbing in the stomach. The bit he then swallowed was, however, pretty large. For more than two years he had entirely given up the practice, which he accounted for by saying that one of his acquaintance, an old poison-eater, had died of dropsy after much suffering. He thought that illness had been caused by the use of arsenic, and, as he greatly feared a like fate, he had of late wholly abstained from his accustomed *Hidri*.

Since his discontinuance of arsenic this man has suffered from time to time from very severe attacks of colic; but, during the whole period of his use of the poison, he was unwell but once, and then from inflammation of the lungs. All the persons in the house where he lived had the itch for a long time; and although he was constantly in contact with them, he was never attacked by the disease. In the course of the thirty-five years that this individual was accustomed to eat poison, he must, according to computation, have swallowed from twenty to twenty-two ounces of arsenic; and yet this enormous quantity of the most powerful mineral poison caused no observable derangement in his functions, except a certain hoarseness of voice—which, as it would appear, is peculiar to all poison-eaters.\*

\* The worthy clergyman A—— in M—— writes as follows on this particular symptom:—"On inquiry, I learned that the individual in question keeps his arcanum a profound secret, and tells nobody what it is he eats: however, the general opinion is that it is arsenic. The man is fifty-five years old, has a healthy look, is robust, was never



It seems to be a general rule, observed also by the individual just spoken of, that the arsenic must be taken when the moon is on the increase, and never, except under peculiar circumstances, when it is on the wane.

There are various methods of taking the dose. Some, when fasting, put a small morsel in their mouth, and let it gradually dissolve; others reduce it to powder, and strew it on a slice of bread or bacon.

It is not uninteresting to mention here an attempt at murder which occurred at the end of 1851, connected as it is with the effects of arsenic on the human system. One of the servants of a family, living in the north of France, was desirous of getting rid of his mistress, on account of the strict control she exercised over the household. For this purpose he mixed small doses of arsenic with her food, during a considerable length of time, probably from the belief that a slow and gradual death by poison would avert all suspicion of a violent death. To his no small astonishment, however, he saw that in the course of some months the lady not only grew stouter, but improved in her good looks. Her countenance was fresher, and she was much gayer than before. As the small doses, instead of having the desired result, produced quite a contrary one, he mixed a considerably larger quantity of arsenic with some stewed chicken, and soon after this was eaten by the lady, such decided symptoms of poisoning appeared, that the attempt at murder was discovered.

It was already known that certain individuals in mountainous districts were accustomed to the use of arsenic, for the sake of giving them "good wind;" but Dr. Tschudi has since discovered that in Salzburg and Tyrol, as well as in Styria and the highlands of Austria, the custom of eating arsenic is very general, especially among the chamois-hunters.

Dr. Tschudi gives, further, the following most curious communication, received by him from a perfectly trustworthy source. "Mr. F. St—, director of the arsenic mines in M—kl, in L—au, has been accustomed to take daily at breakfast, for a number of years past, a small quantity of powdered arsenic, as much as would lie on the tip of his knife, to protect him, as he asserts, from the injurious effects arising from the fabrication of arsenic. At the request of a physician, he sent him a similar quantity, such as he had been daily in

the habit of taking, being guided in the dose solely by the eye, and the portion was found to weigh three grains and three-fourths. He has thus been in the habit of taking daily between three and four grains of arsenic, at the same time enjoying most excellent health. It is said that he gives his workmen systematic instructions as to how they are to proceed in the enjoyment of arsenic, in order to preserve themselves from the hurtful effects caused by its preparation."

It has already been stated, that it is a common practice in Austria — in Vienna especially — to give horses occasional doses of arsenic, in order to improve their coat, and add to its appearance. Various as are the methods of giving it to the animals, and although each person adheres to his own particular practice, yet all agree on one point — that the arsenic ought to be given only when the moon is on the increase. Some give it daily during this period in doses of from three to four grains; others administer it in a larger quantity, for two consecutive days before the moon is at the full, and then omit it for two days, during which time the animal is given, once in the week, an aperient of aloes. The grooms and farm-servants, however, are very particular in giving the arsenic *after* the animal has fed and drunk, strewing it generally in the form of powder on a piece of bread. If, however, the horse is to have his dose while at work, the lump of poison is then wrapped in a linen rag, or is strewed in a powdered state on a piece of bacon, and wrapped round the bit or curb. A portion of the arsenic would seem to be voided with the excrement; for it has often been observed that fowls have died after eating corn found in the dung of horses dosed with arsenic. Horses fed on oats are, as is well known, subject to attacks of colic, but the grooms assert that if arsenic be mixed with the grain, no illness of the sort ever takes place.

With cattle, the use of arsenic is less frequent, and is employed only in the case of fatted oxen and calves. The same rules are observed with regard to the moon as those alluded to above; and the poison is strewed in a powdered state on their food. The effect on the size of the animal is very striking; the increase of weight, however, being in no proportion to the increase of bulk. For this reason, the butchers never buy such oxen, according to the looks of the living animal, the real weight of flesh being always much less than the apparent weight. It is the same with calves, to which the arsenic is given strewed on wheaten bread. On account of this manner of fattening cattle for the market, many a peasant or grazier in Styria and Upper Austria is known by the name of *Hidribauer* — (arsenic-peasant, poison-peasant).

dangerously ill, but is *always hoarse*, and speaks with a roughness in his throat. He keeps his secret thus cautiously, for fear of being punished for possessing arsenic, and lest the supply, so necessary to his health, should be cut off. I am told he increases the dose when the moon increases, and diminishes it when she is on the wane.



To pigs, arsenic is often given, especially at the beginning of the fattening-time. In many handbooks for breeders of cattle, it is recommended to strew a dose of sulphuret of antimony daily on the food of the pigs. Now, it has been remarked, that the purified antimony bought at the druggists' (*Antimonium sulphuratum nigrum laevigatum*) has no effect whatever; while the sulphuret of antimony purchased at the oil and color shops proves efficacious — which arises probably from the circumstance that the latter usually contains no inconsiderable quantity of sulphur.

Thus we see the same rules observed in administering arsenic to animals which the poison-eaters observe with regard to themselves. It would not be uninteresting to learn, whether the favorable effect produced on animals by small doses of arsenic, first led men to apply it to themselves; or whether, on the contrary, it was tried on the brute, after having been found so serviceable in the economy of the human being.

From Household Words.

#### MAGAZINES OF MEAT.

Nor very long ago the English public heard with pain that it had been found necessary to throw overboard at Behring's Straits the whole store of preserved meat supplied to a vessel sent in search of Sir John Franklin. Still more recently the newspapers have been informing us that fresh inquiries have been made at home into the Admiralty stores, and that the contents of Goldner's canisters have again suffered condemnation. The details of a previous inquiry are too horrible to have escaped the memory of any one who read them. A large number of canisters were then found to have been fraudulently filled with offal and improper matter. There had been a great neglect of duty on the part of the contractor, and the consequences of it are more serious than might at first sight appear. The use of preserved meat on a large scale is checked, when faith in it is shaken by the constant news that it is being thrown away as filth out of the public stores. Because one or two traders could not resist the temptation to acquire immediate gains in selling articles that must be bought unseen within sealed canisters, an invention of the first importance to society is kept too long out of its due place in the world's esteem.

That it is possible, and far from difficult, so to prepare meat and other articles of food that they shall preserve their qualities unchanged for a great number of years, all people know; but some perhaps are not aware how simple and — when carefully and honestly performed — how certain the whole process is. Three conditions are essential to decay, the presence of air, heat, and moisture.

Exclude air from an organic mass, freeze it, or dry it perfectly, and it can never decompose. Fishes, it is well known, are stored in Russia as hard masses of ice, and thawed before cooking; in Siberia, the winter store of flesh and fowl killed during the summer is garnered in ice cellars, and remains perfectly good throughout the year. We have our own familiar uses of cold — that is to say, the absence of heat — as a preservative, but there is no known form in which it can be applied upon a system that shall make it possible to take fresh food in a frozen state unchanged about the world. It is not very difficult, however, to remove one of the other two conditions. Carrots and parsnips, thoroughly dried and shrunk to about an eighth of their original dimensions, may be taken round the world a dozen times, and soaked and boiled back at any time into reasonable plumpness and good flavor. Meat and other articles of food may in the same way be formed into dry cakes, which must, of course, be kept dry; or if air, instead of moisture, be excluded — as the ancients knew how to keep quinces and other fruits by casing them with wax — so carrots, meat, &c., may be readily preserved in air-tight canisters.

Meat so preserved is very cheap, as well as good; and an extended demand for it would make it cheaper. At present companies or firms are engaged in the preparation of preserved meat, not only in England, but also in Australia, Tasmania, the Cape of Good Hope, and Canada. In Australia flocks and herds have long been slaughtered only for their tallow, hides and bones. There is no reason why an ounce of their meat should be wasted; all of it might be, as some of it is, preserved in air-tight canisters and sent into the markets of the world. Good fresh meat packed thus without waste in brine and bone, in canisters that do not leak and are much cheaper than casks, besides being more convenient for stowage, could easily be supplied at a price that would render it much cheaper and in every way better for the supply of troops and ships, than meat preserved in the old-fashioned way by pickling. Moreover, there is no reason why the surplus meat from other quarters of the world should not be brought — as it could easily be brought — into the streets of London and the villages of England, and supply good beef and mutton ready cooked at about fourpence a pound to the million. The preserved meat so brought among us would be, pound for pound, nearly as nourishing as meat that has been lately killed; it would of course be altogether wholesome, and would differ from the home-cooked only as most preserved meats do differ from it in having a somewhat duller relish, and in being, through the action of the very little air remaining in the canister and of the boiling water that expelled the rest,

a little softer than our meat at home usually is, and, as it were, overdone.

Vegetables retain the delicacies of their flavor, when preserved in canisters, more perfectly than meat; at least, that is the case with such sweet vegetables as beets, carrots and parsnips; the more mealy vegetables, green peas for example, do not keep so well.

**THEOPHILUS.**—Theophilus prepared for death with prudence and courage, but with that suspicion which disgraced his character. A council of regency was named to assist Theodora. His habitual distrust induced him to exclude Theophobos from this council. He feared lest Theophobos might seize the throne by means of the army, or establish an independent kingdom in the Armenian theme by means of the Persian mercenaries. The conspiracy on the night after the defeat at Dasymon had augmented the jealousy with which the emperor regarded his brother-in-law ever after the rebellion of the Persian troops at Sinope and Amastria. He now resolved to secure his son's throne at the expense of his own conscience, and ordered Theophobos to be beheaded. Recollecting the fortune of his father and the fate of Leo the Armenian, he commanded the head of his brother-in-law to be brought to his bedside. The agitation of the emperor's mind, after issuing this order, greatly increased his malady; and when the lifeless head of his former friend was placed before him, he gazed long and steadily at its features, his mind doubtless wandering over the memory of many a battle-field in which they had fought together. At last he slowly exclaimed, "Thou art no longer Theophobos, and I am no more Theophilus;" then, turning away his head, he sank on his pillow, and never again opened his lips.

The Empress Theodora of the above extract was chosen in this wise.

Theophilus was unmarried when he ascended the throne, and he found difficulty in choosing a wife. At last he arranged with his stepmother, Euphrosyne, a project for enabling him to make a suitable selection, or at least to make his choice from a goodly collection. The empress-mother invited all the most beautiful and accomplished virgins at Constantinople to a fête in her private apartments. When the gayety of the assembled beauties had removed their first shyness, Theophilus entered the rooms, and walked forward with a golden apple in his hand. Struck by the grace and beauty of Eikasia, with whose features he must have been already acquainted, and of whose accomplishments he had often heard, he stopped to address her. The proud beauty felt herself already an empress; but Theophilus commenced his conversation with the ungallant remark, "Woman is the source of evil;" to which the young lady too promptly replied, "But woman is also the cause of much good." The answer or the tone jarred on the captious mind of the emperor, and he walked on. His eye then fell on the modest features of the young Theodora, whose eyes were fixed on the

ground. To her he gave the apple, without risking a word. Eikasia, who for a moment had felt the throb of gratified ambition, could not recover from the shock. She retired into a monastery which she founded, and passed her life, dividing her time between the practice of devotion and the cultivation of her mind. She composed some hymns, which continued long in use in the Greek Church. — *Finley's Byzantine Empire.*

**AN INDIAN BEAUTY.**—While lying at anchor this day, two female Indians came off from the shore in a beautiful bark canoe. It was so light and buoyant that it sat like a gull on the water, and was truly a fine specimen of exquisite workmanship. The youngest of these females was a fine model of feminine simplicity and artless beauty; her long black hair was gracefully braided; in front, it was parted sufficiently to show a light brown forehead, with jet-black eyes and regular features, that might serve as a model for a sculptor to imitate the perfection of the human form. Her dress was made close around the waist, and so arranged as to show a full bust; and thus, with close, ornamented pantaloons, and high-wrought moccasins, was gracefully seated, at her ease, this simple child of nature. We may call her a savage, and sneer at her want of elegance and taste; but has she no charms to kindle the flame of love in the human bosom? A fine lady, it is true, may excel her in the gaudily decorated drawing-room; but can she balance herself with perfect ease, confidence and grace, in this exquisite boat, that a two pound-weight would overturn in unskilful hands? Can she manage the frail canoe, and force it through the water with an arrow's speed — anon let it gently float like a swan on its peaceful bosom? To complete the picture, and add a new charm to the scene, was their gentle deportment. When I invited them on board they modestly declined, but spread out before them a variety of little articles of their own production, many of which were prettily made, and gracefully displayed slight little party-colored baskets, slippers, and other ornamented trifles, exquisitely wrought and tastefully exhibited. There was no importunity on their part to induce me to purchase; they patiently waited my pleasure to take what I desired, and leave the rest. I was so captivated with these children of the forest, that I purchased their whole stock, asking but one simple question: "How much do the whole of these beautiful articles amount to?" — *Coggeshall's Second Series of Voyages.*

**BURMESE SIMILE.**—In the world, he who speaks sweetly and with affability, will have many friends; but he whose words are bitter, will have few or none. This we may learn from the sun and the moon. The sun, by reason of its dazzling light, drives away every star and planet from the heavens, while it is above the horizon, and is thus obliged to run its course solitary and unattended; but the moon, shedding only a soft and tender light, moves on in the midst of stars and constellations, escorted by a numerous company. — *Indian Charter.*

From the Spectator.

### PALLISER'S ADVENTURES IN THE PRAIRIES.\*

If Mr. Palliser has not combated such rare and dignified animals during his sporting excursions in the Prairies as Mr. Cumming saw and conquered in South Africa, he underwent great hardships, and experienced adventures as rare. The South African sportsman in pursuit of lion, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and giraffe, travels *en grand seigneur*, with his train of attendants, his wagons stuffed with good things, and his team of oxen, which at a pinch may serve for a meal. The ramblers in the Prairies or the Rocky Mountains depends upon his rifle for his meals; and, that failing, he must go without; or, game falling short, must do as Mr. Palliser did—sup and breakfast off wolf, and find it not bad with the accompaniment of the “best sauce.” Overtaken by a snow-storm, he must hug his dog to keep up vital heat, and strive against nature to keep awake. Nor are more active adventures wanting. The grisly bear, the terror of the Rocky Mountains, seems a more awkward customer than the lion himself; the Red Indian lies in wait to plunder your scalp; the trappers, voyageurs, traders, and other denizens of the far West, with whom Washington Irving long since made us acquainted, and even the Indian when friendly, are better company than the Hottentot or Caffre. Neither is there any lack of moving accidents or hair-breadth escapes. We often hear of leaps in Leicestershire and elsewhere, but what are they to a leap over a bison bull?—

After breakfast I saddled Owen's horse, and descended the hill for a run at buffalo. I chose a band of cows, most of whom had calved, and whose little ones scampered at their heels; passing these easily, I detected one or two fat barren ones in the van, and gave chase. Some bulls who had caught sight of the running cows now began to run also, and bulls and cows intermingled were soon pelting along in a confused mass. I did not care to fire at the former, and was pressing on after a fat cow I had selected, when one of the bulls a little blown by the race stood still for a moment, and, as I doubled across him after my cow, made a headlong rush at me; I could not pull in, and to turn was destruction; I had nothing for it but to lift my horse, and give him a tremendous cut with the whip—he sprang into the air, and just cleared the bull when in the act of charging. I felt my horse's hind-legs carried aside as they caught the brute's shoulder, or head or neck, I can't say which; but we dashed on, happily unhurt, and the next instant I was passing the cow, when, standing

up in the stirrups, I gave her a shot that brought her rolling on the plain. I now carefully examined Owen's horse, and thanked my stars that we had escaped unscathed, resolving in my own mind that it should be the very last time I would ever run buffalo mounted on a friend's horse. Mackenzie's horse was a magnificent animal and nearly thoroughbred, and although the gentlest creature in the world, possessed the most indomitable spirit, as a subsequent adventure will show.

Here, however, Bucephalus shared the merit; when Mr. Palliser was tossed by another bison, the credit, whatever it may be, was all his own:—

So accurately had the Indian calculated time and distance, that I was hardly at my place when a huge bull thundered headlong by me, and received a shot low and close behind the shoulder as he passed. He stumbled on for about ten paces, and lay quietly down. I waited to reload, and on going up found him stone dead. The Indian then joined me, and said that the other two bulls had not gone far, but had taken different directions; so we agreed that he should pursue one, and I the other.

I soon came in sight of mine. He was standing a little way off on the open plain, but the skirting willows and brushwood afforded me cover within eighty yards of him; profiting by which, I crept up, and, taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bull gave a convulsive start, moved off a little way, and turned his broadside again to me. I fired again, over a hundred yards this time; he did not stir. I loaded and fired the third time; whereupon he turned and faced me, as if about to show fight. As I was loading for a fourth shot he tottered forward a step or two, and I thought he was about to fall, so I waited for a little while, but as he did not come down I determined to go up and finish him. Walking up, therefore, to within thirty paces of him, till I could actually see his eyes rolling, I fired for the fourth time directly at the region of the heart, as I thought; but, to my utter amazement, up went his tail and down went his head, and with a speed that I thought him little capable of he was upon me in a twinkling. I ran hard for it, but he rapidly overhauled me, and my situation was becoming anything but pleasant. Thinking he might, like our own bulls, shut the eyes in making a charge, I swerved suddenly to one side to escape the shock; but, to my horror, I failed in dodging him, for he bolted round quicker than I did, and, affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn myself sideways as I sustained the charge, in the hopes of getting between his horns, he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake. My rifle-stock was shattered to pieces by one horn, my clothes torn by the other; I flew into mid-air, scattering my prairie hens and rabbits, which had hitherto hung dangling by leathern thongs from my belt, in all directions, till, landing at last, I fell unhurt in the snow; and almost over me—fortunately not quite—rolled

\* Solitary Rambles and adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies. By John Palliser, Esq. With Illustrations. Published by Murray.

my infuriated antagonist, and subsided in a snow-drift. I was luckily not the least injured, the force of the blow having been perfectly deadened by the enormous mass of fur, wool, and hair that clothed his shaggy head-piece.

Notwithstanding some stories that not only look but are marvellous in the primary sense of wonderful, the *Solitary Rambles* (though somewhat of a misnomer, since Mr. Palliser was rarely by himself) are a very agreeable narrative of field-sports by a thorough Nimrod, interspersed with sketches of prairie scenery, Indian and trading life and character in the very far West. To these things are added observations of a naturalist, facts connected with natural history, and occasional incidents of travel, especially on the western rivers and at New Orleans.

John Palliser appears to be a member of a sporting family; and, stimulated by the example of his elder brothers, he determined to throw college and study aside, and set off for the New World in pursuit of his hobby. Well provided with letters of introduction, he passed rapidly from Boston, through New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, crossing the Alleghanies to Wheeling, and thence to New Orleans by steam. From that city he sported his way to Independence, to join the autumnal American Fur Company's expedition, and put up for the winter at fort Union, near the boundary line of the British territory and the United States, in about latitude 48° N. and longitude 103° W. Here he did duty as a huntsman, in assisting to supply the fort with meat; and as winter passed away he paid some visits to the nearest stations. In the fine weather he engaged three assistants, and started for the Rocky Mountains; whose spurs he reached, and made a good excursion of it, not only as regarded sport but peltry.

Like most true sportsmen, Mr. Palliser is a close observer of nature and animate life, and a naturalist. He paints the landscape of the prairies in a few broad strokes, by confining himself to essential features; and graphically brings out the characteristics of the animals he hunted, the people he mixed with, and the life he led. This is pleasant to read about, and save in its extremes of cold and hunger pleasant to live; but except the professional hunters, who are bred to it, we wonder what *pay* would induce a civilized man to follow it. This is a specimen of "solitary rambles" in the winter:—

In these regions the cold in winter is always easily supportable in calm weather; but the cold when accompanied by wind becomes so piercing that great care and constant activity are requisite when travelling to avoid frost-bites. I therefore collected a quantity of fallen and decayed timber and bark, and built myself a comfortable little hut, in which I weathered the storm tolerably well. Towards noon it began to

snow, and continued all night, filling all the crevices between the layers of bark, willow, &c., that formed the roof and sides of my cabin; thus further contributing to my comfort, which was only disturbed at intervals of a few hours by my having to go out and renew my fire. The following day I continued my journey until a little after noon, when, having no more meat, I unharnessed the dog and set off to hunt for my supper. That game was very scarce here I soon found, as I searched fruitlessly for tracks in the recently-fallen snow. I hunted long and hard, but in vain; night was stealing on me, and I was compelled to avail myself of the small portion of daylight that remained to retrace my steps to the spot where I had left my travail; where I made my camp, and went supperless to bed.

Next morning I arose, and debated with myself for some time whether I should begin by another hunt in this unpromising region, or pack up and resume my journey until after noon, as I had done on the previous day. After a little deliberation I adopted the latter plan, and travelled on until about noon, when I fell in with some fresh wapiti tracks. These I pursued for a long distance, and at last came in sight of some does; who, unfortunately, were so far out on the plain as to defy every possible effort of mine to approach them. My stalk was unsuccessful, from inability to conceal myself and my dog; had I tied him up I knew his frantic howling would soon put every living thing in these regions on the alert, so I was compelled to let him come too. He followed as I had trained him, never attempting to precede me; but all my efforts proved fruitless; my game escaped without my being able even to venture a shot, and I had the mortification of seeing these stately and graceful creatures break away at a rapid trot, which they soon increased to a gallop that speedily carried them out of sight; and thus vanished my chance of supper for another night. I felt very hungry indeed, and was besides very tired. I slept feverishly, awaked at intervals from visions of the most rare and delicious dishes placed before me. I dreamed I stood before the hospitable mansion of an old friend, who led me, in spite of my incongruous costume, into his brilliantly-lighted parlor, and placed me down to a table loaded with all the delicacies of every season and climate under heaven, including two soups and a turbot. At last, when powdered footmen removed the richly-chased covers off these exquisite delicacies, I started up wide awake, to look on naught but snow; and finally I solaced myself with a pipe. On the day following I hunted long and hard till considerably after noon, without success. The painful sickening sensation of hunger had now quite left me, and I suffered much less on the third than on the second day. Strange to say, I had not the least apprehension for the future, but felt perfectly confident, the whole time, that sooner or later I should fall in with game. At last I came to some fresh tracks of deer, and soon made out that the animal had not only been walking quietly, but was in the willows close by; this I rightly guessed by the zigzag



direction of the tracks; for deer before lying down walk slowly from side to side, as if hesitating where to stop. I remained perfectly still for some time, looking intently with an eye sharpened by hunger, and at length observed something stir in the willows; it was a deer; evening was advancing, and he was going out to feed. I waited anxiously as he came on, slowly feeding, most fortunately towards me, until he approached to within about a hundred yards, and then stopped. I drew up my rifle, and would have fired; but he came still nearer, feeding slowly forward till he was scarcely sixty yards off; when I took a steady deliberate shot as he turned his flank towards me. I heard the bullet crack against the shoulder; he rushed a short distance back, and rolled over in the snow. To my great satisfaction, wood was close at hand; so I made a fire and cut away a little venison, which I broiled slightly and eat sparingly of, giving the rest to my dog. I then made a rope of the deer's skin, and, fastening one end to the carcass and the other round my shoulders, dragged it up to my camp of the previous night, where I cooked and ate a most enormous supper, smoked my pipe, and slept comfortably.

Hard as prairie life may seem, prairie travel is recommended by American medical men to certain invalids, and with good effect. It may be, as Franklin held, that people who live in the open air never take cold; or that the natural mode of life is safe if thoroughly carried out, which in the prairies it must be; or that there is some virtue in the air itself; or that we hear of the cures but not of the killed, which is perhaps the most likely. To the fact Mr. Palliser bears witness; but *he* is steeled.

We had long entered the high prairies. The atmosphere in these regions is extremely healthy, and its effect upon the constitution something wonderful; so much so, that persons never suffer from coughs or colds; the complaint is quite unknown. I have frequently in the morning risen from a sound sleep, under a down-pour of rain, and found my shoulder on the side I had lain in a pool of water, have got up and ridden on, cold and shivering, till the sun rose, and his genial rays thoroughly warmed and dried me; and yet have taken no harm. So clear is the air that the natural range of sight is greatly extended, and distant objects may be clearly and easily seen, which in these islands, or in the States of America, it would be impossible to recognize or define. It is almost like looking through a telescope.

The appetite in this healthy region is also greatly increased, and I have been told by American physicians that many are the instances where consumption has been completely eradicated from the constitutions of people travelling up into these regions, even under circumstances exposing them to very great hardships.

After Mr. Palliser had shipped his bison cow, two young bisons, and a bear, at New

Orleans for England, he started for Panama, by way of Cuba and the Isthmus. Beyond the number of Americans bound for California, and the scenery, there was not much to see; but he encountered a tropical tempest on the river Chagres, of which he gives a vivid description:—

The day became so hot at twelve o'clock that we did not resume our journey until after four, and we had hardly started again when a violent thunder-storm commenced. I was greatly entertained with the proceedings of my men, who intently watched for the first symptoms of rain; and, as soon as they saw pretty clear indications of "agua," undressed themselves, stripping off every single article of apparel, and, rolling them up in a piece of oiled cloth with which each was provided, quietly went on paddling in a calm which was truly awful, Nature seeming to collect her energies for the fearful burst which succeeded; even the noisy birds feeling the influence, and hushing their discordant cries. At last the storm broke. The thunder, instead of rolling, broke overhead with a crash like ten thousand gongs—a stunning, maddening sound, utterly unlike the sublime, awe-inspiring roll in our latitudes; the warm rain poured down in massive columns, almost checking my breath, as mouth and nostrils filled at each respiration. And now, for the first time in my life, I saw a tree struck by lightning; the flash falling on one a short distance off, riving the huge trunk, and sending the splinters flying far and wide from the spot. The storm did not last long, but suddenly as a change of a panorama gave way to a lovely sunset; the little monkeys crept along to the extremities of the branches, to stroke and dry their dripping fur; and parrots and macquaws flew about and screamed as noisily as ever.

#### VIEWS IN APSLEY HOUSE AND WALMER CASTLE.

—A sumptuous portfolio of ten colored lithographic views of the chief spots in the buildings where Wellington lived and died has been issued by Messrs. Colnaghi. The series commences with the exterior of Apsley House; in which the Wellington statue, though out of the picture, is introduced by its shadow falling on the walls. Then follow the picture-gallery (which was also the Waterloo banquet-hall), the striped drawing-room, the dining-room, the plate and china room, with its memorial treasures, the secretary's room, the duke's own room for business and study, and the severe simplicity of the bed-room; the exterior of Walmer Castle, and the chamber in which Wellington drew his last breath. The views are simply local representations—and, we can vouch for it as regards Apsley House, accurate ones—without incidents or figures. The artists are of recognized ability in such subjects—Messrs. Dillon, J. Nash, Dibden, and Boys; and a large-sized pamphlet of descriptive letterpress, by Mr. Richard Ford, accompanies the series. The work forms a permanently valuable record of scenes whose interest is enduring. —*Spectator*.



From the Press.

*Demarara after Fifteen Years of Freedom.*  
By a Landowner. London: Bosworth.

THERE is not much novelty in this tract; it deals with topics which the House of Commons and the press have made familiar to us all—with legislative blunders, colonial grievances, the ruin of planters, the improvidence of negroes, the retrogression towards barbarism of a race once thought to be making progress in the ways of civilization, and the transitional sufferings of a province on which the new financial system has pressed with extraordinary severity. We knew all these things before. It is not particularly pleasant to be reminded of them, especially after practical proof has been given that they cannot here be remedied; yet something either in the style or matter of this author has led us to reperuse, in his pages, details disagreeable in themselves, and with which we thought ourselves already as well acquainted as we wished to be. The merit of the work consists in its manifest authenticity. The "Landowner," unlike many of his class, knows the colony well, and writes *from himself*, though the results of his experience are often pretty much the same as may be found in books. Witness his description of the effects produced on native society by the act of 1838:—

It was interesting to observe the first effects of uncontrolled freedom. The negroes at once assumed, as much as possible, the manners of the white man. A shirt and a high stock, a pair of shoes carried in one hand, and an umbrella in the other, which had once been considered the correct costume on a Sunday, quickly received the decorous addition of a pair of trousers and a coat; satins and ribbons of the gayest hues adorned the other sex; horses and vehicles of every kind came into common use; costly entertainments prevailed; and houses and lands were purchased by the negroes in the best parts of the colony. But, as time rolled on, the freed man found that these luxuries were only to be obtained by money, the reward of steady toil and honest industry. He considered them dear at that price, and quietly resigned them for ruder and less expensive pleasures. Emulation ceased, and a rapid reaction commenced towards that idle and savage state of life which, in reality, was more agreeable and congenial to his untainted nature.

And a companion picture is painted in the following, of which the scene is a Guiana plantation in grinding time; the chief actor, a young European manager, serving his first apprenticeship to mosquitoes, fever, and negro laborers, while the background must be filled with any number of sable figures, in a state of greasy nudity. The inexperienced youth in charge has, of course, heard something of negro "strikes," but flatters himself

that his gang are an exception. His ships are loading in the river; the canes ripe and abundant; wages good, and work going on prosperously. In this state of things, one or two shrewd Africans, guessing the manager's anxiety to get his crop cut without delay, conclude to turn it to profit. The result is thus told:—

The first information which the manager receives in the morning from his foremen is, that the people do not intend to "turn out" unless their wages are increased, for, as they allege, "their massa is a rich man, and they are making plenty of sugar." While the foremen are yet speaking, and before the manager has even time to consider these demands, the determination not to work is fully confirmed by the appearance of two or three laborers sauntering along towards their provision grounds, and of a numerous party carrying fishing seines and nets, hurrying to the canals and the sea-side, followed by a few sporting men, armed with rusty fowling-pieces; and, as if this was not enough, on a sudden a loud and fearful drumming issues from the cottages, and groups of younger people are seen twisting themselves into all the indelicate attitudes of the "Joan Johnny dance," to the sound of a rude drum, assisted by the voices of the performers. It is altogether the coolest, most contemptuous, and most passive resistance conceivable.

Of course the manager storms and vows vengeance; but he has no remedy. The men were engaged only by the day; he has no lien upon them except as regards the rent-free cottages and provision grounds which they hold. Even from these he can only eject them by due legal process; and he knows perfectly well that his neighbor, who is also short of hands, will immediately take the ejected into employ. On second thoughts, therefore, he pockets his disappointment, assumes, if he can, an air of good-humored indifference, and waits patiently till they come back to him, though every day's delay is a hundred pounds or more out of the anticipated profits of his employer. Exposed unceasingly to tropical sun and rain—living nearly alone, with few books and fewer neighbors—harassed by such scenes as the above, and rarely released from the monotonous routine of his duties, a West Indian manager's life is in every sense a hard one. The mortality among this class is great; and few who belong to it attain old age.

The landed proprietors of Guiana are divisible into three classes. First come the wealthy merchants and capitalists, about fifty or sixty in number, non-residents, but whose capital mainly keeps the colony afloat. These gentlemen, having other sources of income besides those which depend on their West Indian estates, have held on through the worst times, laying out largely in improvements, and trusting to a future change of

fortune to remunerate them. They are often reviled as absentees; but it is only justice to remember that, had not the bulk of their property been invested in England, it must have perished in the universal distress; and that, so far from exhausting the wealth of Guiana, they alone have saved her from bankruptcy. "It is not," says our author very justly, "their actual presence so much as their countenance and capital which are required by the colony."

The next class are the "industrious, hard-working, practical men," abounding rather in energy and experience than capital, living on the spot, and acting as their own managers. To them an opportunity has been offered such as they never enjoyed before, in the abandonment and sale, at nominal prices, of large estates, which the former proprietors could no longer work with advantage. The purchase of such estates by such men used to be pointed out with triumph by the Manchester school as the sure means of regaining to Guiana her lost prosperity. But the experiment has not worked well. They "had neither capital nor credit" to profit by their purchases, and the result may be told in one word — bankruptcy: —

Dilapidated buildings, swampy lands, patched and jingling machinery, and laborers' wages in arrear, all plainly bespeak the hand-to-mouth system which prevails on their properties. The plain truth is, a poor man has no business with the sugar estate in Demarara; he might as well, on the strength of being able to purchase an old barn in Lancashire, consider himself qualified to set up as a Manchester manufacturer.

We believe this to be strictly true — and so it will be, until the one great reform of sugar-making be accomplished — the separation of cane-growing from the manufacture, and the establishment of central mills. But here practical difficulties intervene, the solution of which we must leave to the "Land-owner" and the blue-books. Last and lowest in the social gradation comes the emancipated slave, who sometimes holds lands individually, though more often in joint tenancy with others. Here is his portrait at full length, and not a shade blacker than the original: —

The black proprietor of a joint-stock estate never works with his own hands, although not unacquainted with manual labor, for who ever saw a white gentleman with a shovel or a hoe? He is well aware that property has its privileges as well as its duties; and, as he reads them, the former consists in wearing a high stock and close-fitting trousers tightly strapped over an "extra-sized" fancy cloth boot, in leading a life of perpetual semi-intoxication, and galloping about the country on a half-starved pony. The duties of his station are to pilfer from his neighbors on every occasion, to force his aged parents to labor on his land for a mere pittance, and, when too

feeble any longer to work, to allow them to perish from neglect. A visit to one of these negro properties is a melancholy sight. There stands the once elegant mansion-house, now fast decaying, and from which a plank or a post is torn whenever wanted; the gardens are gone, and the orchards cut down for firewood; the doors and windows of the boiling-house swing on broken hinges; and the wild fig-tree, with its long air roots, grows vigorously on the crumbling brick-work; everything denotes desolation; and the visitor turns away with a sigh, as he beholds a herd of swine rooting beneath the clump of tamarind and palm trees, which mark the burial-place of the former owners.

*Impius hæc tam culta novalia, "niger" habebit?  
Barbarus has segetes?*

*en, queis consecvimus agros.  
VIRGIL, Ecl. i.*

The end of these estates is quickly accomplished; the sea breaks in, and out, through the ill-kept sluices and neglected sea-dams, until an equinoctial spring-tide, rough and high, overwhelms the land, destroying every vestige of cultivation. Disputes ensue, a land surveyor is called in to divide the property, and allot to each shareholder a separate and individual portion; and the Legislature is petitioned to pass an act compelling the several owners to keep up the dams and drainage, for their mutual benefit.

The one hope of the colony rests on Coolie immigration, which has succeeded better than even the authors of it anticipated. Large sums have been made by the immigrants, and each man who returns with his savings encourages others to go out. The *Lucknow*, which left for India in August, 1851, took back 250 coolies, with earnings amounting to an aggregate of 4,000*l*. Docile, industrious, and deficient in no quality of a laborer, save physical strength, the natives of the East seem likely to replace the African races in the position which the latter have so long occupied, as cultivators, under the English planter, of a tropical soil.

MOUNT VERNON. — We understand that Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of *Mount Vernon*, has disposed of that venerated mansion, with two hundred acres of the landed estate, to a company comprising Northern and Southern men, for the large sum of two hundred thousand dollars. To what purpose the purchasers mean to apply the property, we have not heard; but we are very glad to learn that the terms of sale reserve to Congress the privilege of taking it. Another and an irrevocable condition of the sale is that the remains of General Washington are never, under any circumstances, to be removed from their present resting-place. We are informed that the purchasers offered a largely increased price to have the sale made absolute; but Mr. Washington replied that he would not for any sum that could be named place it out of the power of Congress to make *Mount Vernon* the property of the nation. — *Nat. Intel.*

From Household Words.

## CANVASS TOWN.

I AM the youngest son of a landed proprietor in Essex, and, although I have done nothing in Australia of which I need really be ashamed, the conventional habits and old-established feelings of the mother country are still strong enough in me to cause me to give a fictitious name with the following brief narrative: I will, therefore, call myself Westbrook. As I write in the midst of dilemma and distress, what I have to say must necessarily be fragmentary.

I had a University education, and was *senior optime*; but before I had determined on my future course in life, it was settled for me by my falling desperately in love with the youngest daughter of a baronet in our neighborhood. I married her. We ran away; and, as she was the youngest daughter and I the youngest son, our parents found our conduct a good reason for cutting us both off with the smallest possible pittance. But we loved, and were happy, and spent nearly every guinea of our meagre inheritance in a prolonged wedding tour. After this I went to work in earnest; and in the course of a few years I got the position of managing clerk in a mercantile house in Liverpool, with a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the promise of a rise of fifty pounds every year during the next five years; after which I should have been taken into the firm as a junior partner.

You will easily believe what I am about to say, simply because so many others have committed precisely the same kind of folly, and left a good reality for a chance; and, in a lottery sixteen thousand miles off. The gold-fever of Port Phillip broke out in Liverpool, and I fell a victim to it. I resigned my post, with all its prospects—certainties I may say—and set sail for Australia Felix. What felicity!—but I need not anticipate, as I shall make a short cut to the consequences.

I invested one hundred pounds in a speculation in hams; one hundred pounds in boots and shoes; and two hundred pounds in agricultural and mining tools, in which I felt I could not be wrong. After paying all my debts, with the passage-money, and outfit, &c., of myself, my wife, and our three children, as cabin passengers, I found myself in possession of three hundred and fifteen pounds, a sum, in addition to my ventures, which I believed to be ample, and far more than necessary for "a start" in the golden region of Australia.

I pass over the voyage. A thousand things should be said of the bad victualling, ventilating, and general management of the ship, but I must leave them to others. We arrived

in Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip, on a hot summer's day, in November, 1852.

Hearing from the pilot that lodgings were very difficult indeed to be procured in the town, I resolved to be first of all our passengers in the field; and accordingly took my wife and children ashore in the first boat that came alongside. The boatman charged most extortionately; and then the rascal put us all ashore at William's Town, which we naturally supposed to be Melbourne. On discovering our mistake, we had again to induce another boatman to consent to rob us by an exorbitant charge for putting us on board the steamboat for Melbourne.

After several arbitrary delays alongside vessels, we reached Melbourne, were landed on a wharf which was overwhelmed with a confusion of men and things and carts and horses, and began our wanderings over the town in search of lodgings. All were crowded, expensive, and the great majority filthy and offensive to the last degree. I could have got into one of the first-class boarding-houses; but they would not receive a lady, nor children. We were nearly exhausted. Luckily we had brought none of our things ashore but two night-bags, or we must have thrown them away.

The sun now sank, and I began to grow uneasy, as I heard all sorts of accounts of the state of the streets in Melbourne at night. But, while I was trying to console myself with the idea that we had at least a good hour's more daylight before us, the sky rapidly darkened, and in ten minutes more the evening became night. Being now in despair, we entered a lodging-house—then another, then another, and so on, offering at last to sleep anywhere if they would take us in. At last one of them consented. It was by no means one of the lowest lodging-houses, as I afterwards learnt, but it was bad enough for the worst; excepting only that our throats were not in danger of being cut. It was only short of that.

It was shocking. The bedroom we were shown into was filthy, very small, and with a very little window which had not been opened to admit fresh air for a week at least. The blankets were hideously dirty, displaying ostentatiously large dark blotches of grease, and net-work of dirty splashes, like foul mockeries of a map of the moon. There were two beds of this description; the room would not have held a third. In this place we had some tea, and bread and butter, with fried meat—such stuff! Just as we were about to take possession of our wretched beds, in walked a man, with his wife carrying a child, followed by the landlady, who announced them as the occupants of the other bed!

I began a vigorous remonstrance, but was instantly stopped by the reminder that we

had begged to be taken in, and had agreed to anything; and if we did not like it we might instantly depart. Our heads fell on our breasts in sick submission.

The night we passed defies description; partly because so much of it is unfit to relate. The man was drunk and offensive; the woman an unseemly slave, and insolent. The child cried all night. Besides this, sleep was impossible for the fleas, bugs, mosquitoes, and a lively sort of beetle continually running over our hands and necks, and trying to get down the back. In the morning every part of every one of us was covered with large red swellings, or small red punctures. Not one inch of us had been spared. Our faces, as we looked at each other, were painful to behold. As for me, I could scarcely lift my eyelids, so swollen with bites upon bites. My wife, once lovely, and far from bad-looking even after all our harassing, was about the most unsightly woman I had ever seen; my eldest daughter, eight years of age, was a speckled blight; my second girl was a squinting ideal; our poor little boy, a moon-calf. None of us knew our own hands. My wife's under lip was a tomato. I could have cried like a child, with a mixture of grief, rage and self-reproach. She bore it admirably.

I paid four shillings each for our tea, four shillings each for our bed—floor inclusive—and four shillings each for our breakfast; at which there was plenty of fried beef-steak, but so tough that we could not eat a morsel. We hurried out of this respectable den (I admit that there were hundreds much worse), and, meeting one of the passengers who came out with us in the same ship, he told us that he had pitched his tent on the South Yarra encampment among a great number of tents; and that he had slept very comfortably after the confinement of a cabin on so long a voyage. He said the encampment was called Canvass Town.

Not knowing where to leave my wife and the children, I took them all on board again, to accomplish which occupied the whole morning, with vexatious delays, and no one able, or choosing to take the least trouble to give the least information—to say nothing of the renewed extortions. We packed up everything. I was anxious to get my goods out of the hold, so as to dispose of the "speculation." After several days the hams were got up on deck. Some of them had been spoiled by the heat of the tropics, and had to be thrown overboard; some had been damaged by the bilge-water in the hold, or by the seas we had shipped in rounding the Cape; some had been gnawed in holes by the rats, and a good many had been stolen. The bale of boots and shoes next appeared, all gray and green with mouldiness, but recoverable, I was told. Being unable to wait for the agricultural and

mining tools, which had been stowed at the bottom of the hold, we left the ship in a boat for Liardet's Beach; having ascertained that there was a small encampment there, and that this was the readiest way to get to Canvass Town. We heard that drays were always waiting on the beach, or close at hand, to take passengers' luggage wherever they wished.

We accordingly engaged a boat to take ourselves and our baggage. The boatman agreed to do it for three pounds, the distance being barely a mile and a half; but, before we had been ten minutes in the boat, he and his mate discovered that we had so many more packages than they had expected that he demanded five pounds. I resisted, and tendered him the three pounds, which he took doggedly. They landed us on the beach, close to the sea, where they bundled out all our things. I inquired if the tide was coming in? The owner of the boat said he thought it was. They refused to remove my baggage any higher up. They said they had done all they agreed for. I saw no carts, nor drays, on the beach. There were several near the wooden boat-pier, but when I ran off to them I found they were all engaged. The boat had pushed off, and I had to call the men back, and offer to pay them for helping me to move our goods. They stipulated for three pounds more to remove everything high up, quite out of reach of the tide. There was nothing for it, so I agreed, and it was done. I told them they had made a pretty good day's work out of me. The principal man said, "Nonsense—this is nothing! I shall soon be away from this. Why should I waste my time here, while there's a fortune a-staring me in the face up at the Diggings! Good day's work be hanged!"

Here we remained looking in vain for a dray. Whenever one drove up in front of the public-house near the wooden pier, I ran off to it; but found it was engaged. The sun went down. It was dark soon afterwards, and there we were, sitting forlorn upon our baggage with every prospect of passing the night there. Under pretence of a last look for a dray, I walked to some distance with my pistols; which I now loaded, in case of our being attacked by marauders.

While we were thus sitting, two men and a young woman approached us, carrying bundles. They were passengers by another ship, and had been put ashore like ourselves, and left to right themselves as they could. They had got a small tent, which they proposed to set up at once, in a rough style, and good-naturedly offered to allow us to creep under it. The tent was hung up between two trees, with our baggage in front; and beyond this, the beach and the sea. We unpacked a part of our bedding—partook thankfully of



some very dirty cold plum-pudding—and, being thoroughly fatigued, we all slept soundly till daylight. I had intended to lie awake all night, as a watch; but I dropped off and never once awoke.

In the morning I confessed to my wife that I had not sent my money to the bank, as she had supposed, but that I had it all about me. We agreed that I should instantly set off to Melbourne, and lodge it in one of the banks. I started accordingly. Many new arrivals, draymen, sailors, and horsemen, were going the same way; so I had plenty of company, and the distance was only two miles. I passed Canvass Town on the way. There were no tents between this and the large bridge over the Yarra, leading direct into the town. I walked briskly forward. At this juncture three men came up to me, and, with horrible imprecations, demanded my money. I was utterly confounded. The bridge was not two hundred yards off, with people passing over it! The next moment I was knocked down from behind—tumbled over a bank into the dust—and rolled in it, till nearly suffocated. When I recovered myself, a sailor-boy and a new arrival were helping me to rise. I was bleeding from a wound in the back of my head. Every bank-note and every sovereign I had was gone. A dray on its way to the beach took me back to the tent. My wife dressed my head, for no surgeon could be found. We heard in the afternoon that the police were galloping after the robbers; or rather galloping about to inquire which way they made off.

The people who owned the tent were obliged to strike it before the evening; and as my wife feared I could not safely be moved for a day or two, she bought a tarpaulin for six pairs of boots, and fastened it up between two trees. The weather, however, suddenly became so very cold, and the wind and dust were so distressing, that we agreed next day to go into a room in a cottage just finished, which one of the bricklayers proposed to us. We were to pay three of the best of the hams per week; and for two pairs of shoes a man agreed to carry our baggage there. The distance turned out to be about eighty yards.

Our baggage being got in, it was discovered that the cottage had only one room. Other luggage was then brought in, belonging to the bricklayer and his wife, and deposited on the floor. Before night, more baggage came in, and with it a Highlander and his family! Three married people and seven children were thus arranged to sleep in the same small room. My wife and I immediately insisted on our baggage being taken back to the trees, or, at any rate, placed outside; but a shower of rain now fell, which presently increased to a deluge, and we were compelled to submit to our fate. The Highlander and his wife never

said a word in support of my objections, that I know of; for what they did say they spoke in Gaelic. The bricklayer smoked an hour before he went to sleep. He said these things were nothing when you were used to them, with other vulgar remarks.

My wife went out soon after sunrise; and, by seven o'clock, brought a man with a dray to the door, and had everything placed in it, myself included, and we went straight to Canvass Town. She had agreed to purchase a tent, already set up, from some people who were going to the Ovens. She had given her gold watch for it. It was not a bad tent. By these means I was got under shelter before the heat of the day began. The heat was terrible for some hours; after which the wind changed and the air became exceedingly cool, with more rain at night, which ran in a stream all round the trenches outside the tent.

The quiet of a few days restored me surprisingly. The rapidity of events had almost made us forget our ruinous loss. As for the villains, they had safely eluded the police. It became all the more necessary that I should do something. I began to look about me. Of course, my first walk was round Canvass Town.

Canvass Town, as the name implies, is a town of tents; it is on the southern side of the Yarra, and about a quarter of a mile distant from Melbourne. At the time I write there are between six and seven hundred tents—perhaps more—and the population amounts to five or six thousand souls. The tents are arranged in rows more or less regular, and with a squalid pleasantry some of them have been called after certain well known streets in England—Regent street, Bond street, Liverpool street; while many of the tents have assumed ostentatious titles of distinction. We have the London Coffee Rooms; the European Dining Rooms, the Great Britain Stores, the Isle of Wight Tent, the Golden Lion Stores (such a lion!), the National Dining Rooms and Lodging Tent, Dover Cliff, Eldorado, the Coffee and Tea-Cake Depot. There are tailors, butchers, bakers, shoemakers, ironmongers, blacksmiths, hardware and crockery stalls, tinmen. Almost every tent exhibits slops, books, cabin furniture or utensils, with other articles of which the owners have no need here. Nearly every second tent also sells ginger-beer, or lemonade. There are two physicians' tents; who of course are at the same time surgeons, dentists, corn-cutters, and apothecaries. Young gentlemen of family and education drive water-carts about the "streets," and sell wood (felled, and brought from a mile or two off in the bush); and O, ye classic groves, where the trees have fresh green leaves, of which there are no signs here in summer, how many University men does this strange collection of



tents, with all their gypsy-life appurtenances, contain! There are several besides myself; and some ladies also, besides my wife. It took me some days to learn these particulars; but how many days would it take to ascertain the amount of disappointment, privation, and misery which these frail walls conceal from view!

Within the canvass enclosures of a few feet are contained the perplexed energies, the blighted hopes and despondency of many a newly-arrived family. Some have tried the Diggings and failed, their utter ruin following in most cases as a matter of course, unless they possess bodily strength and health, and are ready to do the humblest work. This they may generally obtain, and contrive to live. Even tenting upon a piece of waste land is not gratuitous. We had to pay half-a-crown to the government for the first week, and five shillings for every week afterwards. There is a tent on the ground where a commissioner's clerk sits all day, to grant permits and to receive rents.

I have hardly the heart to revert to my speculations, and still less to relate what my present position is, now that I have been nine weeks in Canvass Town. The hams that remained, and the boots and shoes — so many of each having been bartered in exchange for immediate necessities — did not produce a fourth part of what I had rationally expected, and which regular dealers easily obtained. They were sold by auction, and I afterwards found some of the auctioneers had an understanding with certain dealers, and knocked down goods to them at a very early stage of the proceeding. On one occasion, the refusal to recognize a higher bidder was so palpable, that, if I had been a descendant of the Telamonian Ajax, I should have been tempted to assault Mr. Auctioneer severely. As for my agricultural and mining tools, they were all a sheer mistake; gold-digging tools being abundant in Melbourne; as, indeed, was all common ironmongery. With respect to agriculture, as there were no laborers to be had, implements were useless. I sold most of them at their value as old iron.

At length, we were reduced to selling our clothes and other articles, like the rest of the unfortunates around us. This was effected at first by my going to a strip of waste ground near the wharf, which was called Rag Fair. I was even obliged to consent, on one or two occasions, when I was unwell from the exposure to the heat, to allow my wife to go there and to take her stand behind an open box, with the contents spread out on the ground in front and around it, waiting for purchasers. Strange and sad work for a baronet's daughter! Had any evil witch hinted at such a thing when I saw her dancing in her father's ball-room, or on that moonlight night

when, like a sylph, she met me at the bottom of the lawn of her father's garden, and promised — I must not think of all this, or I shall go mad.

We were disposing of our things by these means to a good advantage, and I was just getting a glimmering idea of turning it into a trade to support us, when the benevolent and inexplicable hand of the local government was protruded in the form of sundry police-men, who drove us all away from Rag Fair, and informed us that what we were doing was no longer allowed. It was alleged that Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town came there. A piece of ground had, however, been allotted instead by the government for this purpose, at a rent of one pound per week. Of this many of the "Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town" immediately availed themselves; but as for us poor people from Canvass Town, we were obliged to retire to our tents, and to exhibit our little stock as a traffic among each other.

I ought not to omit to state, that the government here intended to make some provision for the necessities of new arrivals, who had no place to lay their heads; and, accordingly, a range of wooden shed-like houses has been erected on the South Yarra for this humane and considerate purpose, but (out comes the needy hand again of our paternal authorities!) at a rent of two pounds five shillings for ten days — after which you and your family are turned out.

The immigrants, however, declined, for the most part, this hospitable arrangement for "turning a penny;" and, moving a few yards higher up, pitched tent after tent, till they rose to the humble dignity of Canvass Town. In vengeance, I suppose, for this successful evasion, the five shillings a-week was laid on; and, as many of the people had placed old boards and pieces of light plank and paling round the bottom or at the sides of their tents to keep out the weather, an order came one day that they were all to pull down their wood-work, and use no more boards, the "permit" being only for tents. To this order we have paid no sort of attention, and do not intend to do so. If our poor abodes are to be destroyed, somebody must be sent to destroy them, as we certainly shall not do it ourselves; and, whether these five or six thousand people will passively stand by while it is done remains to be seen.

I have delayed to the last to mention it, not being, in fact, quite determined whether I would do so; but what I have already told of ourselves here renders it no such very great effort for me to say that I have been working on the roads. Fearing that we should come to want, I was most anxious to get some employment before reduced to absolute necessity, and I tried in vain to get some en-

gagement as a classical tutor, or a teacher of any kind, in the town. After this, I tried the merchants, and was very nearly getting engaged as a clerk; but somehow or other (chiefly because no one had time to listen) it never came to anything. As to seeing a Melbourne merchant for a minute's conversation, you may call three or four times a day for a week in succession, and never get more than a glimpse of him. At last, seeing nothing else, I engaged myself as a common laborer on the roads, the wages being ten shillings a day. This would have done very well; but unfortunately I had had no training in this way. The pain I suffered in the back and shoulders was so extreme, and the exhaustion every night so great—not to speak of the dreadful effort it required to rise at five o'clock next morning and dress myself—that, after a week, I was compelled to give it up. I now sell lemonade and lemon kali, at a little stand at the corner of Elizabeth street, near the Post-office, with a few cakes in a basket, and a glass full of acidulated drops and bull's eyes for the rising generation. My wife gets work from one of the milliners in Collins street, East.

I always come home to dinner, and now and then we laugh over some little adventure I have met with in my illustrious vocation. When the wind and dust make cooking outside a tent next to impossible, I get a cup of coffee and a chop at the London Coffee Rooms; and on one occasion I went to the National Dining and Lodging Tent, where they profess to have a boiled or baked joint every day at one o'clock, with potatoes and coffee, all for the small charge of eighteen pence. The dining department seemed to be managed by a dirty girl of sixteen, and a remarkably dirty little Irish boy, of about twelve, was the waiter. The tent was rather large, in comparison with the average, but it was uncommonly full of furniture, especially of beds and bedding. The whole surface was occupied with wooden stretchers, on which lay a confusion of odiously dirty and torn blankets and coverlets; some of a dull yellow hammy color; some mottled, and some of a shade approaching to pale black, while over all of them lay a fine bloom of dust. At one end of the tent was a dining-table, covered also with a blanket for a table-cloth; which, beside being a fellow one to those on the beds (and perhaps doing double duty), had the additional advantage of being bestrewn and besmudged with potato parings, islands of stale mustard, grease, gravy, grime, and grit of cooking ashes, broad plains and continents of coffee and tea, which had been spilled, and smears of wet brown sugar. Knives, forks, and spoons, some without handles, were all equally filthy. The plates, however, were rather clean, and the meat good, though

impracticably tough. The dinner-table was the same size as the stretchers; and, with its dirty blanket table-cloth, was perfectly in harmony with the beds that surrounded it so closely. None of the beds were made—all in the same confusion as when left in the morning by their respective occupants—and three persons were still lying in bed; one of them rather drunk, and soliloquizing occasionally. Two more beds had been fitted up like berths, or bunks, in a cabin, which were exactly at the back of the dinner-table; so that those who sat on that side had their elbows always in the berths behind; and over these two had been built four more, which placed the uppermost ones so near the roof of the tent that the lodger's nose must inevitably touch it as he lay. How the lodger got up there, I did not see; but I suppose he clambered from berth to berth till he attained the summit of his wishes. The brown sugar was very dark, sandy, stony, wet, and conglomerated, and the coffee was the color of muddy water, after it had been stirred. I half shut-to my eyes, and made an excellent dinner. After a man has worked on the roads he finds a good deal of his fine edge gone. As Hudibras says, on being knocked down,

I am not now in fortune's power; —  
He who is down can fall no lower.

This tent life at Canvass Town is certainly a very strange one. If it were really pastoral—not even to hint at Arcadia—or simply a life in the green fields, there is something in human nature, however highly civilized, that has continually made people of the highest education and refinement feel a longing fancy to get rid of stringent conventionalities, and to return for a time to a private state of existence. Kings and their courts have often indulged in this, and all our picnics are small indications of the same tendency. But this will never do in a tent or grotto in Australia. It is the last sort of thing—particularly for ladies. Besides the want of grass and green leaves—except in the winter and rainy spring season—and the consequent want of shade, even among the trees, there is the plague of dust; and old Egypt had few that were worse. The climax of this plague is of course when the hot wind sets in; but the ordinary wind, with its long dust-storms, is quite enough to destroy everything we associate with the pastoral and romantic. At Canvass Town it is felt as quite a curse. There is no excluding it. You can keep out rain, even the heaviest, but dust finds its way through the smallest crevices, covers everything, is always between your teeth, and insinuates itself under every part of your dress. My wife has to wash the children from head to foot in strong soap-suds.

(we have to do the same with ourselves) every night; and if we were all to do so twice a day besides, it would be no more than we all need. Yet, the children do not play about very much, as we send them to an infant school recently started in one of the tents by a barrister of superior attainments. We buy our fire-wood of the young gentleman who deals in that article and brings it from the bush, as he has a horse and dray for that purpose; but our supply of water I get myself from the Yarra in two water-cans every morning before breakfast, and the last thing at night, by which we save fourpence a day.

The general appearance of this unique town is not very easy to describe. It has too many tents to be at all like a gypsy encampment, and the utter want of all uniformity in the tents renders it quite as unlike an Arab settlement, or military encampment. The nearest thing of all to it is that of a prodigiously extensive fair; all tents and small booths, but without shows, music, games, visitors, or anything pleasant. It has no gilt, and very little gingerbread. Luxury, of the most cheap and childish kind, has no place here; even comfort, partly for want of money, but more on account of dust, is impossible. Finally, there is a mixture of the highly educated with the totally uneducated, the refined with the semi-brutal (many a convict with his bull-dog being among us), all dressing as roughly, and faring precisely alike.

Close to every tent is a round or oval hole for the fire, to be protected from the wind; with the addition of an old saucapan lid, or a sheet of tin from the lining of a case of goods. Over the hole a piece of bent or curled-up iron hoop is placed to sustain the pot, pan, or kettle. The front of each tent presents a conglomerate specimen of all its owner's worldly possessions. The whole surface of the encampment is strewn with the rubbish and refuse of those who are gone; some immigrants only staying a week. Cast-away coats, trousers, shoes, boots, bonnets, hats, bottles — whole or broken, but mostly whole — by hundreds; broken articles of furniture, cooking utensils, all grimed with dust, if not battered or half buried in the ground. A Jew assured me, the other day, that if he could but have found such a treasure in England, he could with ease have made a thousand a-year.

There are several sects of religion here; and, on Sunday, the air is filled with the voices of the praying and singing of these different persuasions, all going on at the same time at different parts of the ground, and all in some degree audible to an impartial listener in his own tent. There are new tents of water-proof canvass, "best twice-boiled navy brown," number one canvass, number two, three, four, down to brown holland, and

bleached or unbleached calico. There are blue tents, bed-tick tents, and wain-covered wagons. There are squares, and rounds, and triangles, and wedges, and pyramids; frameworks of rough branches, and tents like tall sugar-loaves or extinguishers, and others of the squab molehill form, and many of no defined form; being in some instances double and treble (one tent opening inside into another), and, in other instances, having been blown all awry by the winds; or set up badly, or with rotten cordage. Here and there you see patchwork tents, made up of all sorts of odds and ends of bedding, clothing, blankets, sheets, aprons, petticoats, and counterpanes; or old sails, and pieces of tarpaulin, matting, packing stuff, and old bits of board with the tin lining of a case of goods; old bits of linen of all colors filling up the intervals. Sometimes, also, you come upon a very melancholy one which makes you pause — a so-called tent, of six feet long, rising from a slant to three feet high in the middle, so small and low, indeed, that the wretched occupant (with, perhaps, a wife) must crawl in beneath it like a dog, and lie there till he crawls out again. It is like a squalid *tumulus*. Such as these are made of any odd bits of clothing or covering stuck up by sticks out in the bush. There are but few so wretched as this.

The appearance of this place by night, when nearly every tent shines, more or less, with its candle, lamp or lantern, is very peculiar, and on the whole sombre and melancholy, the light through the canvass being subdued to a funereal gleam. Singing is heard at rare intervals, with sounds of music from various quarters; but it is generally all over by nine o'clock; and, by half-past, lights out, and the encampment is silent. Tents are continually left without any protection, such a thing as robbery of a tent being unknown. This is surprising, considering the mixture here, and how close we are to Melbourne, where there are plenty of thieves. I suppose the latter are too high-minded for us poor people.

Deaths and funerals are more than usually melancholy sights in Canvass Town. The dead are often utterly friendless. One day a tent, where a man and his wife and child resided, was closed for two or three days, the tent being laced up, and they never appearing. On looking in, all three were seen lying dead among some dry rushes — of want, slow fever, broken hearts — nobody knew anything about them. It is quite as gloomy when there are one or two relations or friends. The nearest relations carry the body; the rest, if any, follow. Sometimes you see the husband and wife carrying the little body of a child enfolded in something — with, I believe, only canvass underneath, for coffin and

shroud. Once I saw a husband, alone, slowly carrying the dead body of his wife, with a little child following—the one mourner.

Great efforts were made in this colony, some short time since, to induce people to come to Australia—the Home Government still sending out ship-loads. Now, we have come too numerously on a sudden. We did not come to oblige the colonists, but to reach the gold fields, and therefore we should not

expect any marked hospitality. Still we ought not to be made to feel that we have landed on the most inhospitable shore on the face of the civilized globe. Yet such is Melbourne, colonized by people speaking our own language, and professing our own religion—in fact, our own countrymen; and many hundreds, nay thousands, will say the same besides the unfortunate denizens of Canvass Town.

#### OLD CLOTHES IRELAND.

DR. FORBES notices the odious propensity of the lower orders in Ireland to wear the cast-off clothes of others, in place of buying simple garments for themselves; and we entirely coincide in his views:—

The men were much less presentable, owing to that abominable habit, so long prevalent among the poor in Ireland, of wearing the cast-off clothes of others. It is, however, but just to my Leitrim friends to say that this costume was seen but comparatively seldom among them, compared with places further south and west; and still it was seen much too often. This habit, originating, no doubt, in poverty, has, I think, been carried much further than was absolutely necessary, merely because it had become a habit. I think it must be beginning to wear out, as I observe that a fair proportion of the boys and young men show themselves, at least on Sundays, in jackets and short coats, evidently originals. When such a change has become general, it will enable Old Ireland to put a much better face, at least, upon her poverty, if, indeed, the change itself may not be looked on as evidence of the diminution of that calamity. Nothing could convey to a stranger a stronger impression of wretchedness and untidiness than this vicarious costume of the Irish, disfiguring at once to the person of the wearers, and calling forth in the mind of the observer the most disagreeable associations. Even when not in holes, as they too often are, those long-tailed coats almost touching the ground, and those shapeless breeches with their gaping knee-bands sagging below the calf of the leg, are the very emblems and ensigns of beggary and degradation. I believe, moreover, that the use of such garments is a great mistake, and not by any means so inevitable a result of the want of means as is commonly supposed. Like all cheap bad things, they prove, in the end, much dearer than good new clothing, which will last three or four times as long as most of these refurbished but rotten commodities. A little management, with the aid of their more well-to-do neighbors to plan for them and to act for them, would soon bring the new clothing within easy reach of many who now think themselves only able to grasp the old. Once adopted, the improvement must be

permanent, as the very first suit would be found to carry the wearer further on than the two old suits he had been accustomed to buy for about the same money.

#### UNTRUTHFULNESS OF THE IRISH.

ONE of the most amusing passages in Dr. Forbes' work is that in which he, whether seriously or jocosely we cannot determine, deals with the alleged "untruthfulness" of the Irish.

I am ready to admit that I have often heard Irishmen say the thing that was not; oftener, certainly, than I have heard Englishmen or Scotchmen say it; but I cannot, on my own authority, accuse them of telling a downright intentional lie more frequently than other people. An Irishman's lips are more the sudden expression of emotional feeling than lies—bounces, white-lies, at most; they spring from the same intellectual source as his wit, his bulls, and his fun, and have a close alliance with the quick geniality and kindness of his heart. His impulsive nature makes him speak before he has had time to think, and hence he often speaks wrong; his eager desire to oblige, to assent, to favor, overpowers for the moment the perception or recollection of all opposing facts; and hence he often says *yes* when he should say *no*, or *no* when he should say *yes*. But give Paddy time to think, and to become calm, and to bridle his fancy, and he will speak as truly and wisely as another man; when the froth has had time to subside the genuine liquor will be found below. I can, at least, say that I have practically found this to be the case; and I propound my theory with confidence, as one capable of washing out this blot, at least, from poor Paddy's escutcheon. That an Irishman can and sometimes does tell downright, intentional, motivated lies, which no theory but that of cowardice or wickedness can explain, is, no doubt, too true; that he does so more frequently than other men I can neither of my knowledge assert nor deny; but I honestly believe that the chief part of his alleged misdoings in this way—that part which has attached to him the evil reputation he bears—may be easily and justly explained, and explained away, on the simple psychological hypothesis given above.



From Chambers' Journal.

## THE MODERN PARSEES.

THE western highlands of Asia are generally considered as the geographical centre of the human race — the region where man was first created, and from which the streams of population issued in every direction over the habitable globe. It is a favorite remark with some of the most eminent geographers of our day, that, in proportion as any family departed from this centre in the earlier ages of the world, they gradually became intellectually, morally, and even physically degenerate; the degraded Hottentot, the stunted Esquimaux, the wild Bojesman, and the miserable inhabitant of Tierra del Fuego, being pointed out as the extreme examples of this deterioration. It would be beside our present purpose to follow these savants in their theories on this subject; we advert to the fact only for the sake of more effectively introducing to our readers the vestiges of a people who were cradled in or very near the favored spot; whose fatherland was once the seat of the most extensive empire, and probably of the highest civilization then known; and who now, after an exile of about 1200 years, still retain certain personal and mental endowments which mark them as a race decidedly superior to the more distant Asiatics among whom their lot is cast.

The earliest extant poetry of the Persians places before our imagination a people living under a sky of unclouded azure, which easily induced the study of astrology, if not the worship of the heavenly bodies; treading on fields enamelled with roses, hyacinths, and anemones, instead of daisies, buttercups, and dandelions; reposing amid groves of pomegranate, vocal with the song of the nightingale; and luxuriating in all the pleasures, both of sense and imagination, to which such circumstances naturally gave birth. Nor do we question the chivalrous character attributed by one of our own poets to the gallant fire-worshippers, who withstood to the death the efforts of the Moslem to subject them to the sceptre of the caliphs and the religion of the Prophet; neither are we disposed to make much less of the heroism of those who escaped death or subjugation by seeking in foreign lands a refuge for themselves and a shrine for their faith. But we have before us a volume which *Lalla Rookh* excited our curiosity to see, and which has, we must confess, dispersed the day-dream the poem had created; at least, has forced on us the conviction, that if Gueber life in the seventh century was the essence of poetry, that in the nineteenth is the quintessence of prose.

For the sake of those of our readers who are little versant in Oriental matters, we advert to the circumstance that, after the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, in the seventh

century, a small number of the fire-worshippers betook themselves to the Khorasan mountains, or the scarcely less dreary deserts of their own country; whence, about half a century afterwards, a company of them sailed for the western coasts of Hindostan, obtained leave to form settlements under the rajahs of the country, and acquired the appellation of Parsees. The first Englishman whose attention they appear to have excited was Mr. Lord, who, above 220 years ago, published a short account of the community, as he became acquainted with them at Surat, and gained a knowledge of their religion through one of their priests. According to his information, the duties of the laity, as prescribed in the *Zend-avesta*, appear to be almost wholly of a moral character, and nowise remarkable. The clergy, who are divided into two orders, are obliged to observe a greater degree of holiness. A priest of the higher class is enjoined never to touch any person of any strange religion whatever, or even a layman of his own; if he do so, he must thoroughly wash himself before approaching Deity in prayer. He must perform with his own hand whatever is necessary for his own life — such as setting the herbs in his garden, sowing the seed in his field, and dressing his victuals; and this, both in testimony of his humility, and for the preservation of his sanctity. He is obliged to consecrate to charitable uses all the overplus of his large revenues, after supplying the wants of a recluse and austere life. He is forbidden to make known the divine revelations he receives in the visions of the night; and, above all, he is enjoined to keep up an ever-living fire, kindled from that which Zerdusht brought from heaven with the book of the law; which fire is to endure till fire shall come to destroy the world. To provide, however, for the possibility of this fire suffering extinction, or of its being impossible, under some circumstances, to obtain a communication from it, the Parsees are allowed to compose one of various mixtures, when necessary — and the greater the number of sources the better; seven at least are indispensable. The most celebrated one in India, which had been kept alive for above 200 years before Mr. Lord's time, had been composed, first, of fire produced by the striking of a steel; secondly, of that made by rubbing two pieces of wood together; thirdly, of that occasioned by lightning; fourthly, of wild-fire, which had laid hold of something combustible; fifthly, of ordinary artificial fire, kindled in coals or wood; sixthly, of that used by the Hindoos in the burning of their dead; and seventhly, of that obtained from the beams of the sun, by means of burning-glasses. The most remarkable of the usages connected with this religion may be thus briefly described: —

When the Parsees assemble for worship in



the temple or fire-house, they stand round the fire at the distance of eleven or twelve feet from it, and the priest utters a speech, to the effect that, as fire is the virtue and excellence of Deity, it must be worshipped as part of him; and that all things resembling it, as the sun and moon, which proceeded from it, are to be loved; and they pray that they may be forgiven if, in the ordinary uses of this element, they should either spill water on it, or supply it with any fuel unworthy of its purity, or commit any other irreverence or abuse, in the necessary employment of it for the wants of their common life.

As soon as a child is born the priest is sent for; and, on his arrival, he ascertains the precise moment when the birth took place, calculates the nativity according to astrological rules, and names the infant. Some time afterwards the child is brought to the temple, when the priest takes pure water, and puts it into the bark of a tree which grows at Yezd, in Persia, and which they say receives no shadow from the sun. Out of this he pours the water on the child, praying that it may thus be cleansed from the pollutions of its parents. At seven years of age the child is again taken to the temple, to receive religious instructions; and as soon as he knows the required prayers perfectly by heart, he is directed to repeat them over the fire, his mouth and nostrils being covered with a cloth, lest his sinful breath should pollute it. After prayers he is required to drink water, chew a pomegranate leaf, and wash himself in a tank, when he is considered inwardly and outwardly clean, and the priest invests him with the linen *sadra*, or sacred shirt, and the girdle of camel's hair, woven by his own hand. He then prays over him, that he may continue a faithful follower of the religion of which these garments are the badge. All which being duly transacted, the child is held a confirmed Parsee.

For the celebration of funeral rites the Parsees have in each of their settlements two tombs or towers, built of a circular shape, large, pretty high from the ground, and somewhat distant from each other. One is for those who have led a commendable life; the other, for such as may have been notoriously vicious. The tombs are paved inside with shelving-stones, and in the middle is a deep pit to receive bones. All around the walls are laid the shrouded and sheeted dead, exposed to the action of the elements, and the ravages of the beasts and birds which frequent the spot; after which, the bones are collected, and deposited in the receptacle mentioned. A priest may not come within ten feet of a corpse, nor may the corpse be permitted to touch wood, because this is the fuel of the holy fire; it is laid on an iron bier, and carried to the spot by appointed persons, who are

commanded perfect silence. The priest, standing at a distance, pronounces that, "as this, our brother, while he lived, consisted of the four elements, now he is dead, let each take his own—earth to earth, air to air, water to water, and fire to fire."

According to the more recent author alluded to,\* the Parsees are now far from remaining so peculiar a people as they were two hundred years ago. They have spread from their original settlements in Western Hindostan into various parts of the East; and, like the Jews in their dispersion, have retained certain of their ancient usages, which, as well as their physical constitution, mark them as a distinct race; while they devote themselves to commercial pursuits with such keenness, that they are known as eager and unscrupulous money-makers, much more than as zealous fire-worshippers. They seem to have attached themselves peculiarly to the Europeans, who are now in the ascendant. The Parsee has not only been the best sutler to the British forces in Scinde, Afghanistan, and Lahore, but he is generally the mess-agent at the different military stations throughout the presidency of Bombay; he is found likewise in some localities of Bengal and Madras, and in the British consular ports of China. He endeavors by all means to obtain for his sons an education in the English language, which many of them speak and write with remarkable facility. The government offices, the banks, the merchants' counting-houses, and the attorneys' offices, are crowded with clerks of this race.

The Parsees are personally distinguished from the Hindoos of Lower India by a taller, larger, and more athletic figure; and they have the bold formation of countenance, the fine aquiline nose, with well-developed nostrils, the large black eyes, and well-turned chin, which we admire in the Armenian; while the long ears, heavy eyebrows, and thick, sensual-looking lips, must be regarded as drawbacks. Some of them are as fair as Europeans; but, instead of the ruddy complexion in the north, they exhibit the sallowness which even ourselves acquire by long residence in India. Parsees are notoriously given to good-living. The best of flesh, fish, and fowl are whipped from a bazaar for their consumption; pork and beef are their aversion; but mutton-hams are imported by some of the gentry for their use. Every description of European wine is drunk. In the making up of their victuals, the Parsees are rather gross, as they use large quantities of clarified butter, commonly known as *ghee*. Confectionery of every variety is largely partaken of, and bread after the English fashion is eaten by almost every member of the tribe. The Parsee com-

\* The Parsees. By H. G. Briggs. Oliver and Boyd.

mences the day by eating a light breakfast, often no more than a slice or two of bread, and several cups of tea, which he drinks with a handkerchief applied to the piece of pottery. His dinner is between twelve and two o'clock during the day, and is served in polished plates of brass; large quantities of rice are then consumed with curry, along with a variety of pungent ingredients, ground into what is called *chitni*, stews, &c. By tradesfolk and the better classes of the community a cup or more of tea is partaken of either at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The evening meal takes place between eight and ten o'clock, and is distinguished by much license both in wine and speech. Then comes the *tat*, or parting cup, which bids

To each and all a fair good-night.

But though a gourmand in point of living, and an undoubted *bon vivant*, the Parsee is sprightly, and alive to every amusement, fond of entertaining his friends, and benevolent from charitable impulse, rather than from any view of purchasing merit. His outer dress is of Gujerati origin; but beneath the closely-tied cotton coat is the sacred shirt and cord, to which we have adverted as the essential badges of his faith. These are worn by the women as well as the men; while the outer dress even of the poorest Parsee female is a silk *sadce*, composed of several yards, first received in folds about the waist, and then thrown over the head, so that the outer end of it falls upon the right arm. The lower part of the dress of both sexes consists of loose drawers, made of cotton or silk, according to the circumstances of the wearer, and drawn in at the waist by a cord run through an open hem. Before children are invested with the sacred shirt and cord, their dress is remarkably rich, and in many cases extravagantly ornamented with gold and precious stones.

Parsee ladies are intrusted wholly with the household management, and they are said to be as thrifty, precise, and provident in spending money, as the men are keen in making it. Some of them are themselves at the head of agency or mercantile establishments. They are by no means closely confined, and, in case of widowhood, are permitted to marry again. They are further said to be loquacious beyond belief, and by no means choice in their vocabulary of complimentary terms. One would suppose that one such wife would be enough for any man; yet bigamy is frequent, and there is no law to forbid it.

The Parsees of the present day are, as a body, extremely indifferent to the religion for which their ancestors were content to suffer expatriation and even death. They neither study its doctrines, which are regarded rather as historical signments than matters of faith, nor do they carefully regard its precepts. It

is true that every family supports from one to half-a-dozen priests; but though these professional gentlemen are often the confidants of the women, they are too frequently the butts or buffoons of the men, who perform the ceremonies enjoined on them with the same kind of relish that a patient evinces in swallowing a nauseous draught prescribed by a physician.

The Parsees exhibit so many startling inconsistencies with reference to their own once hallowed rites and tenets, that it is hard to say what peculiar observances they now as a body consider imperative; and still more difficult would it be to predict how long any of those now generally maintained will resist the progress of innovation. For instance, the reverence for fire is deemed their leading peculiarity; yet, since the celebrated conflagration in Bombay, in 1802, it is notorious that Parsees have assisted in quenching fire: our author has seen one of this community fire a pistol; and though it has been affirmed that they would not settle with their women in any locality where there was no *atish* (fire-temple) or *dokma* (funeral-tower), yet he says they are to be found scores of miles from either one or other. A number of them have been buried at Macao, outside the city-walls, and have tombstones of Anglican form, with inscriptions both in English and Gujerati. The truth seems to be, that this people, either from courtesy or political necessity, or as matter of mere indolent acquiescence, yielded one thing to the Hindoo, another to the Mohammedan, and, now that they are aspiring to aggrandizement among the Christians, they are making new concessions.

Yet there remain some curious exceptions to this process of assimilation. Though the cow is not an object of Parsee worship, yet the elegant, the good, the learned, the grave, the delicate, the pious—all equally, and so far as we know without exception—rinse the mouth, and anoint the eyes and tips of the ears, with *Turine de bœuf*, as a matutinal ceremony. Though even the credulity of Sir William Jones affected a fastidious hesitancy on this point, it has been established by more recent investigators of Parsee customs, who have never failed to observe in every household the brass *lotas*, or pots, employed for this purpose.

Again, though Parsees do not hold that tenderness for animal life which is entertained by the Buddhists of this part of the Indian peninsula, yet they hold the canine species in superstitious veneration, believing that the sight of a dog carries with it an absolving virtue to a person in the article of death. That this may be effectually obtained, they place some curds on the forehead of the dying man, immediately between the eyebrows; and the brute, in licking the curds, affords

opportunity for the gaze so devoutly desired. "Ridiculous as this may seem," says our author, "and scouted as it is by the respectable portion of the community, it is nevertheless well known throughout Gujerat."

Whatever may have been the zeal of the first emigrants to preserve their sacred literature, they seem utterly to have lost sight of their civic code of laws. As soon, however, as they gained some considerable strength, they selected a Panchayat, or assembly of five, from among the most wealthy, talented, and upright members of their community; its province being to protect their creed from innovations, and to guard their peculiar traditions. The Panchayat, which was afterwards extended in number, partook somewhat of the nature of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and possessed, with the voluntary consent of the tribe, all the usual powers of a government without affecting the political relations of the sovereign in whose country they resided. At a later date the British government lent its sanction to this body to a certain extent, for the settlement of their own civil questions, especially with respect to inheritances and wills. Its present character is chiefly that of a committee for the distribution of charity; and the Parsees look to British law in almost every instance when justice is sought.

From Household Words.

#### A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

WHICH century? The eighteenth, with its busy array of cotton-spinning Arkwrights, pottery-making Wedgwoods, canal-digging Brindleys, lighthouse Smeatons, and steam-engine Wattses! Or the nineteenth, with its gas, railways, electric telegraphs, screw steamers, sun pictures, electro-metallurgy and electro-engraving, crystal palaces, automatic machinery, and chemistry of cheapness! Or the twentieth, which the "coming man" is to see — when all towns are to be well drained; all refuse to be made productive as manure, instead of poisoning the water we drink; all workmen's houses to exhibit cheap cleanliness instead of costly dirt; all men scorn to get drunk or to beat their wives or to starve their children; all people to learn that the worship of the Golden Calf is not the noblest exercise of man's powers! No, none of these.

Quaint old writers were wont to apply the term century, not merely to a hundred years, but to a hundred facts or a hundred things; as the centurion of Roman days was a captain over a century or a hundred men. It is of one of these quaint old writers of whom we would now speak; and for this reason — that it is useful, in a busy age, to look back occasionally, and to see what were the ideas

formerly entertained on subjects which are now familiar to us. Many a time we should find that our forefathers lacked nothing but opportunity for showing themselves as mechanically ingenious as ourselves. The seed was good, but the soil was not prepared, and thus many a great idea was lost to them and their generation, to fructify in a later. In matters of science, Kepler made many guesses, the boldness of which, considering the age in which he lived, is quite marvellous; and although his guesses may not have been entirely right, they furnished clues which were valuable to later explorers. In matters of the practical application of science to useful purposes, Robert Hooke, in the time of Charles II., was repeatedly throwing out suggestions, building up theories, and imagining contrivances which were much ridiculed at the time, but which have since been shown to have been based on a good foundation. In 1737 Jonathan Hulls published the plan of a steamboat not widely differing from the paddle-boats now in use; but in 1737 his invention was scoffed at. It is wholesome to apply these correctives to our own age; it takes a little of the conceit out of us.

The "Century of Inventions," by the Marquis of Worcester, presents an admirable corrective of this sort. The marquis, belonging to the family of the "proud Somersets," was a distinguished member of the court of Charles the First, and entertained that monarch right royally at Ragland Castle, then the patrimony of the Somersets, and now the name-place of a new peerage, well bestowed on one of the marquis' descendants. The marquis supported the king with his purse, his hospitality, and his personal bravery.

The marquis, in the exercise of that skillful mechanical genius of which we shall presently have to speak, had constructed at Ragland Castle some hydraulic engines and wheels by which water was conveyed to the top of the great tower. During the troubles of the civil war his castle was visited by some unwelcome guests of the Roundhead party; and, desirous to get rid of them, he gave private orders to set the water-works in full play. "There was such a roaring, that the poor silly men stood so amazed as if they had been half dead; and yet they saw nothing. At last, as the plot was laid, up comes a man staring and running, crying out before he came at them, 'Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose.' Whereupon the searchers gave us such a loose, that they tumbled so over one another down the stairs, that it was thought one half of them had broken their necks; never looking behind them till they were sure they had got out of sight of the castle."

The Marquis of Worcester thought and wrote about steam-engines at a time when

steam-engines were not, and threw out hints about numerous contrivances which look wonderfully like many that have been realized in later days. After he had been besieged at Ragland, and the castle dismantled; after he had clung to the fortunes of his old master to the last, and then gone to France with the young prince Charles; the marquis fell into extreme indigence. There is an affecting letter extant, relating to a loan of his for so small a sum as five pounds. Whether it was during his troubles that his mind sought to relieve itself by occupation in scientific and mechanical pursuits, is not exactly known; but, in 1663, shortly after the Restoration, appeared his "Century of Inventions," under the following curious title: "A Century of the names and scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavored now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice." The book was what would now be called in 24mo, with about eighty pages. There have been six subsequent editions—the last having valuable notes by Mr. Partington. The original edition had a dedication to the king, which would appear extravagant were there not ample proof of the marquis' intensity of loyal devotion. In the next edition there is an address or dedication to the two houses of parliament. He modestly states that, during the intestine commotions, he had lost between six and seven hundred thousand pounds of his princely fortune by his adherence to the royal cause; he thanks them for having granted to him a kind of patent or monopoly in the advantages possibly accruing from a hydraulic machine which he had invented; he expresses a wish that the country may reap benefit from some among the remainder of his projects, all of which he presents to the nation through the king and parliament; he states that he had expended ten thousand pounds in establishing a kind of experimental workshop, where a skilful artisan, Cuspar Kaltoff, had been for thirty-five years employed at his expense in various constructions connected with the new inventions; he offers to put into practical form any one of his century of inventions which parliament may deem likely to be useful to the nation. He finishes his address by subscribing himself, "My lords and gentlemen, your most passionately-bent fellow-subject in his majesty's service, compatriot for the public good and advantage, and a most humble servant to all and every of you — Worcester."

Many of the earlier inventions relate to secret correspondence—a subject to which an immense amount of importance was

attached in bygone times, before penny posts, and queen's heads, and adhesive envelopes were thought of. Sometimes a peculiar kind of ink was employed, which was invisible until treated with a particular chemical liquid; sometimes a device was impressed on the seal of such a nature as to convey information intelligible only to the sender and the receiver; sometimes a secret cipher or alphabet was used. The marquis appears to have been fond of that sort of construction which (if we may compare small things with great) is exhibited in Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, where there are various revolving circles, which may occupy an infinite number of different positions with respect to each other, and each position be made to indicate some particular figure, letter, word or idea. The marquis spared neither time nor cost in developing his contrivances. There is among the Harleian MSS. one in the handwriting of his lordship, descriptive of a kind of short-hand which he had invented; there are no less than forty-seven engraved plates, of small folio size, illustrative of the system, the diagrams being printed in red ink. The system comprises a series of small octagon spaces, with a line branching in various directions from a central point. The system is, however, somewhat clumsy.

After five inventions relating to these matters, the marquis starts off to the subject of telegraphs, and speaks of two or three which evidently belong to the same class as those which the Admiralty employed until a recent period. The inventor then gives loose to the organ of destructiveness. He speaks of "an engine, portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened on the inside of the greatest ship—*tanquam aliud agens*—and, at any appointed minute, though a week after, either of day or night, it shall irrecoverably sink that ship;" he mentions "a way, from a mile off, to dive and fasten a like engine to any ship, so as it may punctually work the same effect, either for time or execution;" but, as a counter-irritant, he points out "how to prevent and safeguard any ship from such an attempt by day or night;" and his preservative mood also appears in his "way to make a ship not possible to be sunk, though shot at an hundred times between wind and water by cannon, and should she lose a whole plank, yet, in half an hour's time, should be made as fit to sail as before;" but he returns again to the destructive by his way "to make such false decks as in a moment should kill and take prisoners as many as should board the ship without blowing the real decks up or destroying them." Much of this is very curious and interesting. Mr. Partington thinks that the first of these contrivances may have included a gun-lock, a charged bomb-



shell, and a clock; the gun-lock being made to act upon the bomb at a given moment by the clock. When Mr. Fulton with his torpedo, and Captain Warner with his long range, have described more than they appeared able to perform, we must allow the marquis a little doubtful obscurity in his "mile-off" project. The unsinkable ship was perhaps an anticipation of the water-tight compartments of modern times.

One of the inventions is quite delicious. Only imagine "how to make upon the Thames a floating garden of pleasure, with trees, flowers, banqueting-houses, and fountains, stews for all kind of fishes, a reserve for snow to keep wine in, delicate bathing-places, and the like; with music made by mills; and all in the midst of the stream, where it is most rapid," only imagine, we say, a commissioner of sewers converting our great metropolitan cloaca into such a paradise! The Mexicans know something of this matter; they form floating gardens on the lake near the city; they first plait or twist willows with roots of marsh plants, and upon this foundation they place mud and dirt, which they draw from the bed of the lake, and thus may be formed the soil for a garden. When the owner wishes to change his locality, he need give no notice to quit; he gets into a boat and tugs his garden after him. The marquis had probably some such plan as this in his teeming brain.

Our noble friend jumps about from one subject to another with an alacrity truly remarkable; his projects are as numerous and varied as those of Uncle Jack, in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Novel. A way to level and shoot cannon by night as well as by day; a quick mode of weighing an anchor; a way to make a boat work itself against wind and tide; how to make "a little engine, within a coach, whereby a child may stop it, and secure all persons within it, and the coachman himself, though the horses be never so unruly, in full career;" how to raise water constantly, with two buckets only, day and night, without any other force than its own motion; how to "increase the strength of a spring to such a degree as to shoot bombasses and bullets of an hundred pounds' weight a steeple height;" how to "light a fire and a candle, at what hour of the night one awaketh, without rising or putting one's hand out of bed;" how to make an artificial bird fly which way and as long as one pleaseth; a way to make "a complete light portable ladder, which, taken out of one's pocket, may be by himself fastened an hundred feet high;" how to make a pistol to discharge a dozen times with once loading, and without so much as once new priming requisite; a way, "with a flask appropriated into it, which will furnish either pistol or carabine with a dozen charges in three min-

utes' time." Such are some of the inventions, nearly in the order in which they are placed. Many of the marquis' projects altogether defy one's penetration; but others point curiously to ideas which have fructified in men's brains in later times. We do not know, and probably never shall know, how much these later inventions owe to him. In an age of Colt's revolvers, one would almost give a little finger to know how the marquis made "a pistol to discharge a dozen times with once loading." The firing of cannon, as well as the sinking of ships, seems to have been a cherished subject with the noble inventor. His fifty-fourth item is a bouncer; "tried and approved before the late king (of ever blessed memory) and a hundred lords and commons, in a cannon of eight inches and half a quarter, to shoot bullets of sixty-four pounds' weight, and twenty-four pounds of powder, twenty times in six minutes; so clear from danger, that, after all were discharged, a pound of butter did not melt, being laid upon the cannon hitch, nor the green oil discolored that was first anointed and used between the barrel thereof, and the engine having never in it, nor within six foot, but one charge at a time." If the reader can solve this riddle, well and good.

Four or five of the inventions relate to locks and keys, mostly to that kind of puzzle-lock which has from time to time attracted most attention. Flying was not likely to escape the notice of such an indefatigable contriver; and, consequently, in the seventy-seventh invention, we are told "how to make a man to fly; which I have tried with a little boy of ten years old, in a barn, from one end to the other, on a hay-mow." We are introduced to "a watch to go constantly, and yet needs no other winding from the first setting on the cord or chain;" "a way to lock all the boxes of a cabinet (though never so many) at one time;" hollow-handled pocket-combs, knives, forks, and spoons, for carrying secret papers; a rasping-mill for hartsorn, "whereby a child may do the work of half-a-dozen men;" an instrument "whereby persons ignorant in arithmetic may perfectly observe numeration and subtraction of all sums and fractions;" a "chair made *à la mode*, and yet a stranger, being persuaded to sit down in it, shall have immediately his arms and thighs locked up, beyond his own power to loosen them;" a "brass mould to cast candles, in which a man may make five hundred dozen in a day, and add an ingredient to the tallow which will make it cheaper, and yet so that the candles shall look whiter and last longer." Any one who has seen Mr. Sopwith's very ingenious monocle writing cabinet will be forcibly reminded of "the way to lock all the boxes of a cabinet (though never so many) at one time;" and the beautiful machine now

employed for making mould candles seems first cousin to the "brass mould to cast candles."

Automaton figures evidently engaged the attention of the marquis. He speaks of "a brazen or stone head, in the midst of a great field or garden, so artificial and natural that though a man speak never so softly, and even whisper into the ear thereof, it will presently open its mouth, and resolve the question in French, Latin, Welsh, Irish, or English, in good terms, uttering it out of his mouth, and then shut it until the next question be asked." Those who remember the "invisible girl," exhibited many years ago, and the "speaking figure," exhibited much more recently, may conceive how something midway between the two, or comprising some of the characteristics of both, may have suggested itself to the marquis' mind. A redoubtable idea, too, was that of "an artificial horse, with saddle and caparisons fit for running at the ring, on which a man being mounted with his lance in his hand, he can make him start, and swiftly to run his career, using the decent posture with *bon grace*, may take the ring as handsomely, and running as swiftly, as if he rode upon a barb."

There is something very like a dredging machine in the "screw, made like a water-screw, but the bottom made of iron plate spadewise, which, at the side of a boat, emptieth the mud of a pond, or raiseth gravel." And we seem to have something like the patent slip, or rather a contrivance called the water-camel, in the "engine whereby one man may take out of the water a ship of five hundred tons." From this the marquis leaps to a cross-bow for discharging two arrows at once; to a "way to make a sand-bank so firm and geometrically strong, that a stream can have no power over it;" and to an instrument "whereby an ignorant person may take anything in perspective, as justly and more so than the most skilful painter can do by the eye."

But the most valuable of all the inventions which form the Century are those four which relate to what we should now call a steam-engine. The great idea of the marquis (for a great idea it was) seems to have been, the application of some kind of steam-engine for the raising of water for the supply of large towns. There was evidently something vast in the conception, but he has put it into words which are not very easily understood. The following aphorism would not be unworthy of a Telford or a Brindley: "Whosoever is master of weight, is master of force; whosoever is master of water, is master of both; and consequently to him all forcible actions and achievements are necessary." It is supposed that Savery took from the marquis the hint of the steam-engine, for raising water

with a power produced by fire, and applied it to an actual engine. That the marquis himself viewed this idea as the most important of the whole group is plain. In 1663, immediately after the publication of the Century, he obtained an act, appropriating to him and his successors the whole of the profits that might arise from the use of his water-engine. He published, about the same time, "An Exact and True Definition of the most stupendous Water-commanding Engine," apparently with a view to the formation of a water company; but he died soon afterwards, and his project died with him — to be resuscitated by others in the actual realization of the steam-engine.

There must, nevertheless, have been some practical trial of an engine (probably a model) intended to test the validity of the marquis' theories, for one of the most striking, and even affecting documents traced to his hand, is an "Ejaculatory and Extemporary Thanksgiving Prayer, when first with his corporeal eyes he did see finished a perfect trial of his water-commanding engine, delightful and useful to whomsoever hath in recommendation either knowledge, profit, or pleasure."

The courageous man, now stricken in years, and serving a regal family, who had ever made him a sorry return for his devotion, thanked God for vouchsafing to him this mechanical discovery; and in touching words he prays "that whatever I doe, unanimously and courageously to serve my king and country, to disabuse, rectifie, and convert my undeserved yet wilfully incredulous enemies, to reimburse thankfully my creditors, to remunerate my benefactors, to reinhearten my distressed family and with complacence to gratify my suffering and confiding friends, may, voyde of vanitie or selfe ends, be only directed to thy honor and glory everlastingly."

The Marquis of Worcester had a brave heart and a remarkable head.

THE ABBE DE ST. MARTIN, who, in the seventeenth century, rendered himself so ridiculous with his pretensions and his manias, always wore nine skull-caps upon his head to keep off the cold, with a wig over all, which, by the way, was always awry and dishevelled, so that his face never appeared to be in its natural position. In addition to his nine skull-caps, he wore also nine pairs of stockings. His bed was made of bricks, underneath which was a furnace, so constructed as to impart the precise degree of warmth he might require; this bed had a very small opening, through which the abbe used to creep when he retired to rest at night.

THE Florentine sculptor Donatello, who died in 1466, among other singularities, had the habit of keeping his money in a basket, which hung from a nail in the wall of his room. Into this basket his workmen and friends used to dip at discretion.

From Chambers' Journal.

## POOH-POOH.

POOH-POOH is a surly old gentleman, not without his virtues. It is his delight to throw cold water on ardent projectors, and save people from deluding themselves with extravagant views of human improvement. There is the same kind of respectability about PooH-pooH which makes Liberals glad when they can get a Conservative to head a requisition, or take the chair at a meeting. But PooH-pooH is more remarkable for his bad side than his good one. Without hopes or faith in anything himself, he tends to discourage all hopeful effort in others. Had he his way, there would never be any brilliant or highly useful thing done. He would keep all down to a fixed level of routine, passable, but only just enough to escape censure. He wishes to make the course he takes appear as springing from a hatred of the extravagant; but it often comes mainly from a desire to avoid being troubled, or, worse still, from a jealousy of the people who strive to be extraordinary or great. He certainly is not quite the infallible sage he wishes to pass for.

The fact is, there is not one of the important inventions and extensions of power of the last wonderful age, which has not had to struggle against the chilling philosophy of Mister PooH-pooH. History is full of the instances in which he has condemned, as impracticable and absurd, proposals which have ultimately, in spite of him, borne the fairest fruit. Gas-lighting was referred to Sir Humphry Davy and Wollaston, as the two men best qualified to judge of its feasibility; but Mister PooH-pooH was at their elbow, to insinuate all sorts of objections and difficulties, and they pronounced against an article of domestic utility which is now used, more or less, in nearly every house in every town and village in the kingdom. It was all that steam-navigation could do to get over PooH-pooH's opposition. Even James Watt, who had in a manner made the steam-engine, gave way to the whispers of PooH-pooH regarding its use in vessels. Sir Joseph Banks was applied to by some enthusiastic advocate of this application; when, under the inspiration of PooH-pooH, who stood beside him, he said: "It is a pretty plan, sir; but there is just one little point overlooked—that the steam-engine requires a firm basis on which to work." He sent away the man, under the disgrace of his pity, and, we suppose, thought no more of the matter till he heard of steamers plying regularly on the Hudson and the Clyde, with or without the firm basis to work upon.

When PooH-pooH first heard that some persons were so mad as to think of carriages being drawn by steam on rails at the rate of

twenty-five miles an hour, he was indignant, and set himself to prove, which he did entirely to his own satisfaction, that the carriages would not go at anything like that speed—if driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock-still. He was sincerely anxious that this should prove the case, and we may imagine his feelings when the plan was realized with the effect contemplated by its projectors. The same unsanguine gentleman gave a lecture at Newcastle, in 1838, to prove to the British Association that steamers could never cross the Atlantic. Some people wished, hoped, prayed that they might cross the Atlantic; he indulged in a calm but happy belief that they never would. Here, too, he underwent the mortification of defeat. Not long after that time, Mr. Rowland Hill started the idea of a universal Penny Postage. He showed many facts in favor of the feasibility of the scheme; and the public entered warmly into his views. But PooH-pooH had long been on intimate terms with the post-office officials, and under his advice these gentlemen did all they could to prevent the public from being gratified. When the new plan was carried, in spite of all opposition, Mister PooH-pooH felt of course that a very foolish thing had been done, and he foretold its entire failure. It must have been with a sore heart that he has seen the number of letters multiplied sevenfold in ten or twelve years, the revenue not much diminished, and everybody besides himself pleased.

He is apt to be rather shabby afterwards about his false premises and prophecies. When the Crystal Palace was projected, and PooH-pooH was consulted, he said it would never stand the winds, but quickly tumble down like a castle of cards. Afterwards, when this hope of his—for his inauspicious views are always founded upon hopes—was proved by the event to be fallacious, he explained the matter away; he had only said that, unless made of the requisite strength, it would fall! He does not like to be reminded of his false predictions; but it is seldom he has to suffer in that way, for, when a great and useful novelty has been successfully accomplished, the public generally confines its thoughts to the honored author, taking but little heed of Mister PooH-pooH and his now vain prognostications—who, on his part, seldom then goes beyond a few quiet nibbles at the grandeur of the achievement.

PooH-pooH has his favorite positions in this world. He likes, above all things, to be in office. His defensive negative policy is seen there in its greatest force. Indeed, it scarcely has an existence elsewhere than in places of dignity and trust. From his being practically connected with things, he knows their difficulties, which dreamers out of office have

no idea of; and thus it is that he feels himself entitled to speak so confidently against every new thing that is proposed. Already burdened with a duty which perhaps occupies no less than four hours out of every twenty-four, he feels, with good reason, a horror of everything that proposes to bring new trouble into his department. Even a proposal to simplify his work he shrinks from, grudging the trouble of considering or discussing that from which he expects no success. Pooh-pooh, too, has generally some tolerable degree of scientific reputation; it is hard to say how acquired—sometimes, it is to be feared, only by looking wise and holding his tongue. There he is, however, a kind of authority in such matters. Woe it is for any new project in mechanics, or any new idea in science, to be referred to him, and all the more so if it be a thing “in his line,” for no mercy will it meet! In the literary world, the analogous situation for Pooh-pooh is that of the old-established critic. He sits in the editorial chair, apparently for the sole purpose of keeping down all the rising geniuses. Every new birth of poetic energy, every fresh upturn of philosophic thought, is visited with his determined hostility. He relishes most that which keeps nearest to his own temperate and unoffending mediocrity.

Pooh-pooh is less strong in a new country than an old. He hardly has a hold at all among the fearless, bounding spirits of Australia. The go-ahead Yankees despise him. In England, he has least strength in large cities and amongst the active mercantile classes. He is strongest in official circles, old-fashioned genteel towns, and torpid villages. But he has a certain strength everywhere, for he is a bit of human nature. We have no doubt that, even amongst the gold-diggers, he might occasionally be found shaking his head, and turning away with his characteristic contemptuous air from proposals of new “prospectings.”

The external aspect of Mister Pooh-pooh is hard and repelling. He has a firm, well-set, self-satisfied air, as much as to say: “Don’t speak to me about that, sir.” He has a number of phrases, which he uses so often that they come to his tongue without any effort of his will; such as, “It will never do”—“All that has been thought of before, but we know there is nothing in it”—“People are always meddling with things they know nothing about;” and so forth. We might call them pet phrases, if it could be imagined that Mister Pooh-pooh had a favor for anything; but this we well know he has not. There is great reason to suspect that, from the readiness of these phrases to come to his tongue, he has on several occasions committed himself to opposition where a few moments’ thought would have sufficed to show him that that course was dangerous

to his reputation. It must be owned that, once he is committed, nothing can exceed the heroism with which he maintains his consistency throughout all the stages of the refutation which events administer him.

We are afraid that this is beginning to be rather an unpleasant world for Mister Pooh-pooh. It goes too fast for him. So many of his hopelessnesses have been falsified by events, that he must feel himself a little out of credit. Then his own constant sense of disappointment! To find novelty after novelty “getting on,” as it were, in spite of his ominous head-shakings, must be a sad pain to his spirit, cool and congealed as it is. One day, it is iron steamers—another day, rise of wages under free-trade. Great reliefs are given to misery, great positive additions made to national happiness, where he long ago assured the world no such things could be. It is too bad. I begin to feel almost sorry for poor Mister Pooh-pooh under these circumstances. It sets me upon recalling his virtues, which, in his present unfortunate position, we are too apt to overlook—namely, his usefulness in saving us from rushing into all kinds of hasty, ill-concocted plans, and patronizing all kinds of plausible, superficial pretenders. Depend upon it, Mister Pooh-pooh has his appointed place in the economy of a wise Providence; and, therefore, pestilent as he is sometimes with his leaden, immovable mind, I think we are called upon to administer only a qualified condemnation. The drag is but a clumsy part of the mechanism of a carriage, but it has sometimes the honor of being indispensable to the saving of all the rest from destruction.

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DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1,800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea—about twice the height of St. Paul’s, in London, or the height of Arthur’s Seat, in Edinburgh—and to fall these 800 feet in its long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1,000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.—*Arnot’s Physics.*



From the Athenæum.

*The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk; comprising Travels in the Regions of the Lower Danube in 1850 and 1851.* By a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East. 2 vols. Bentley.

THESE portly volumes have a double interest at this time. In the first place, they contain a graphic, sensible, and interesting record of travel, of personal adventure, and of scholar-like reflections on men and things;—in the second, they appear at a moment when political events have caused all eyes to be turned towards the east of Europe, and when the countries which they describe are the topic of nearly all conversation.

Our author confesses that he went into the Christian provinces of Turkey with some prejudices against its religion and government; but being anxious only for facts, and open to the reception of evidence, his prejudices gradually melted away in the lights of a better knowledge of the country—and he appears to have come back from his sojourn in the frontier lands of the two creeds with a deep preference for the mild and open rule of the Sultan as compared against the irritating spy-system of the Austrian Kaiser or the more violent principles of the Muscovite emperor. This is a valuable testimonial. It is the more striking as being unbought and unexpected—the result of careful examination, and of considerable intercourse with all classes of the people, from Islam Pashas and Christian bishops downwards.

Refraining, as we must, from all discussion of the political questions here laid open, and agitated with sufficient zeal and earnestness elsewhere—we will seek to convey to the reader by a few short extracts an idea of the "Resident's" style of writing, and some means of judging of the present state of the countries visited and described by him. Here, for example, is a characteristic anecdote of Moslem probity—an anecdote in rather strong contrast with the military Macaire-ism of most of our European soldiers:—

Bakers from Austria were in the habit of crossing the river Unna to sell white bread in the camp. The troops, having had few opportunities of spending their pay during the war, were well provided with money, and, the quantity of these loaves being always insufficient, there was generally a scramble for them. The bakers, soon finding that every one of the men who had thus obtained a loaf, came forward voluntarily to pay for it, adopted the practice of leaving them to arrange the preference among themselves, and of throwing down the bread to be distributed as they liked. A woman, however, who had come over for the first time on this errand, took fright when the Turkish soldiers began snatching the loaves, although they did so with perfect good-humor, and she ran away, giving up her bread

for lost, and never stopping until she reached her boat, when she recrossed the river. The Turks collected among themselves the whole amount due to her, and took it to the captain of their company, reporting to him what had taken place. He laid the case before Ibrahim Pasha, who sent him across the frontier with the money. It happened to be a market day in the Austrian town, and the arrival of a Turkish officer created a great sensation; but, when he inquired for the woman and handed to her the price of her bread, the whole affair was understood; the officer was repeatedly cheered by the people in the streets, who shouted, "Long live the Turks!" and he returned to the camp with a great many of them, who accompanied him to express their thanks for the conduct of the troops towards their country-woman.

Our traveller stayed some time at Travnik; where he became acquainted with the principal Turks, and especially with the famous Omar Pasha, who put down the Bosnian insurrection in 1851, commanded the Ottoman forces in Montenegro—and who, should certain events now on the cards turn up, is the man designated for still higher military employments. Of these several officers we have vivid and pleasing pictures:—that of Omar Pasha and his family is particularly interesting. Omar was by birth a Croat. He commenced his career by entering one of the Austrian frontier regiments; but quitted that service for the army of the Sultan, in which he has risen by merit alone to the very highest rank. The reader will probably recollect that the Austrian cabinet claimed this distinguished soldier, in the beginning of the present year, as "a deserter and refugee!" Our traveller says of his personal appearance—"He is a middle-aged man, tall and slight, with a good countenance and mild, unaffected manners, and with an exceedingly soldier-like bearing." He speaks German and Italian fluently, as well as Turkish and the Slavonic dialects of the Lower Danube. His wife is said to be a splendid pianist and a good composer; and his little daughter is described as a paragon of beauty and goodness.—These Turks were not the only acquaintance whom the tourist found at Travnik. He writes:—

I had many opportunities of meeting another Austrian at Travnik, who was neither more nor less than a government spy. He arrived there shortly after me; and I was assured, on competent authority, that his especial duty was to watch me and report on all I did or said, and perhaps on a good deal that I did not either do or say. It was a singular fact, however, that although aware of this, I took a great liking to him. He forced his society on me at all hours; he always appeared when I paid a visit, and generally followed every one who called on me; but he was such an amusing companion, and he did his dirty work with so good a grace, that he

quite disarmed my indignation. And I think he took a liking to me too, possibly because I saved him the trouble of employing the more elaborate resources of his profession by telling, generally unasked, all he wished to know. I had nothing to conceal, and I made no secret of my researches after truth in the countries I was visiting. At first he seemed to mistake my frankness for skillful duplicity, on Talleyrand's principle of speaking the truth in order to deceive, as it would not be believed; but he soon understood me, as he was very clever, and then we got on famously, for I dictated the reports that were forwarded about myself, and made the most of an intimacy which I could not avoid.

Most readers have a notion, more or less vague, of drum-head trials and military justice as these matters are conducted in civilized countries. Here we have such a scene as witnessed by our author in the Turkish camp at Bosnia:—

In a large marquee we found twelve field-officers with the *Mufti*, or doctor of Mahometan law, seated on two lines of divans, at the upper ends of which were the places of the two majors-general, Arab Ahmed Pasha and Mustapha Pasha, and near them, two clerks, to record the proceedings. When we had all sat down, for the officers rose to receive us, pipes, *narghilés*, and coffee were brought, and the day's work commenced, Osman Aga having taken his stand behind me to explain what was going on. The court was commissioned to examine and class the prisoners, with the power of acquitting those it found innocent, but not possessing that of condemning the guilty, who were to be finally judged by Omar Pasha and Haireddin Pasha, with several assessors. Five of the accused had been selected to undergo this investigation of their culpability. The first was a very tall and thin old man, of a cringing and sinister aspect. He had been a schoolmaster, and he was charged with having written the correspondence kept up between some of the rebel chiefs. He pleaded guilty to having indited the letters, but he denied that he had at the time any knowledge of their real purport. The tenor of them, and his evident acuteness, completely refuted this plea; and he was duly committed for trial by the higher court. The next prisoner was also an old man, with a long white beard, who had been one of the principal instigators and directors of the insurrection in Turkish Croatia, and who was, apparently, a cunning old fox. His name was Abdullah Aga, the servant of God. He asserted that he had not been present at any of the engagements, and he succeeded in substantiating his assertion by calling witnesses from among those arrested, who all deposed in his favor; but there was too strong an appearance of his having been deeply implicated to admit of his acquittal. A good idea suggested itself to Ahmed Pasha; he ordered that the old man should remain in the tent during the trial of the others. Two young men were then brought in, chained together. The first pleaded an *alibi*, which was weakly enough supported; but the case against

him was not strong, and the court decided that his chains should be struck off—gave him a certificate of dismissal to prevent his being molested by the police, and set him free. The poor man almost lost his wits with joy; he fell on his knees, and kissed the ground at the feet of the two Pashas. It was a remarkable fact, and a fact that is most eloquent in favor of the spirit now existing amongst the Turks, that this man was a Christian, while those I saw committed for trial were Mahometans. The other young man was a handsome youth, probably not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was accused of having led the rebels of his district, 300 in number, and of having fought with great success in several battles. He refused to make any answer to the questions put to him. Ahmed Pasha then addressed the old man whom he had ordered to remain, and who now fell completely into the snare, in spite of all his cunning; for he supposed that he was forgiven, and wished to show his gratitude by zeal for the government. He replied to Ahmed Pasha that the youth was the well-known Hassan Bey, who had contributed more towards the active sustaining of the insurrection than any of the other chiefs. The lad looked astonished at this denunciation; but it made him speak at last, and to the purpose. "Yes," he said, "I am Hassan Bey; I was a chief; and I did what I could against the government. I am ready to hear my sentence; but not alone. Who made me a chief? You, Abdullah Aga! you came to my house when my father had been killed at Vutshiak, and you persuaded me to take his place. My mother refused to let me go, and you told her that without me the men of the district would disband. I went, but you did not. You sent us young men, who believed your words, and you remained in your house. Pasha, I am guilty!"—"Tshod-juk!" said Ahmed Pasha. "Child! our Padisha will, I hope, be merciful to your youth, and we will recommend you for mercy. As for this old traitor, he shall be sent to answer for having misled you and others."

In course of time, from being prejudiced against Turkish rule, the English "Resident" became, as we have indicated, its strenuous advocate;—and on occasion, as for example when he soundly rates the Servians for disloyalty, his zeal becomes rather indiscreet and amusing:—

A few Serbs, who understood Greek, joined us, and our conversation took a political turn. They talked of the prince of Serbia, deserving the attachment of his countrymen, as being the son of their *deliverer*, Czerny George; and they mentioned the age of the prince's son, whom they treated as their future *sovereign*. This tissue of errors was too much for my patience. I told them, that they knew nothing of their own history and political condition; for the Serbs had not been delivered any more than the remainder of the Sultan's subjects. . . . I assured them that their prince's son could never be their *sovereign* because the Sultan alone was their sovereign, and that the boy had no greater right to

the post of governor-general, viceroy, prince, or whatever else it might be called, than any other eligible Serb; that dignity not being hereditary in the family of his father. . . . My interlocutors evidently did not know what to make of all this, which was apparently to them a totally new view of the case. They said nothing in reply, but they looked as if they wished me on the other side of the Danube, or anywhere else than in Serbia.

In the course of his wanderings in Croatia our author was enabled to pick up some information of interest in relation to the Hungarian war. Several chapters are devoted to this subject:—but the story is now rather old and worn. The following, however, is important; for the fortunes of the East hang together, and any hostile movement against Turkey would be pretty sure to set the valleys of the Lower Danube in a flame:—

I learnt at Carlovacz, with some degree of certainty, that if another attempt on the part of the Magyars should take place, they will be eagerly joined by the Croats. It appears that the former people still hope to achieve, if not complete national independence, at least more liberal institutions than they have as yet enjoyed under the Austrian rule; and that another insurrection is projected, which is not intended to break out until its principles shall have spread over all the Slavonian provinces of the Austrian empire; while the Croatsians now understand the error they fell into by opposing the Hungarians, and will in future make common cause with them. They were induced to follow their Ban, in his campaign against Hungary, by promises of political enfranchisements, and of diminutions in their fiscal burdens, which promises have subsequently been belied by him; and he is now as unpopular among them as he was formerly revered. Their natural sympathies are all in favor of the Hungarians.

We had marked a number of miscellaneous passages in the course of perusal for extracts or comment—but will find space only for two of them. The first is a brief note on the great Alpine road which connects Hungary with the Adriatic—built by the Austrians, the greatest road-makers in the world. Our author says:—

I have crossed the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Ampezzo, all of which passages of the Alps are celebrated for the masterly style in which the greatest obstacles are surmounted; but I do not think that any one of them displays such a degree of skill in tracing of the line, or of perfection in its execution, as the *Louisenstrasse*. There is not the slightest danger on any part of the road; parapets have been raised wherever the height of the retaining walls is considerable, and protection from the furious winds of winter is provided at all the places which are exposed to them, by raising these parapets eight or ten feet above the level of the road.

When the *Bora*, as it is called in the country, blows violently, the heaviest wagons remain for hours behind these walls waiting until it subsides, as nothing can withstand its force; and instances have occurred when they have been upset by a sudden blast, if their drivers ventured too soon beyond the shelter prepared for them; while pedestrians are often obliged to lie down at the foot of the parapets to escape being blown over the cliffs, and travellers have been found frozen to death in this position on cold winter nights.

The other passage which we shall quote contains a pasha's notion of the uses of the *yashmak*:—

At dinner I talked to him of Djelaludin Pasha, and he told me that a case of suicide had taken place, quite lately, at Travnik. A young sergeant of one of his regiments had betrothed himself to the pretty daughter of a Bosniac Mussulman; the sergeant was shot through the head at the battle of Krupa, and the girl blew out her brains with a pistol when she heard how he died. "It all comes of not wearing the veil," said the pasha, "and of letting affianced couples see each other. If she had always kept her *yashmak* on her face, she might have married another man, for there would have been no great love in the matter."

With these extracts, we take our leave of a book from which we have derived much information with regard to the Christian populations of Turkey. We should add, that the volumes are embellished—the first with a drawing of Jassy, and the second with a map of the Danubian provinces.

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INDIANS IN EUROPEAN DRESS. — As much as I like to see an Indian in his native dress or ornament, be it as scanty as possible, equally funny and disfigured do they look when they put on European clothes. They frequently have no idea for what purpose and in what order they ought to be worn. First, a dress-coat, and then a waistcoat, then part of a shirt, or a waistcoat by itself, or a pair of trousers, or three and four pair of them at the same time, they do not care; and they admire a uniform most—red, if possible, with gold or silver. I frequently saw Indians in the greatest heat with three pairs of trousers, the upper ones pulled up as high as they could get them, the second pair rolled up to their knees, and the undermost left to their natural length, to let all men see what a splendid wardrobe they call their own, and could afford. Cravats for garters, shirt-collars point downwards, waistcoats buttoned behind, and other mistakes continually occur; and, like children, they hang upon them what they can get, and sometimes even what they can buy with hard-earned money, till they get tired of it, and throw it aside. — *Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World*.

From the Spectator.

#### THACKERAY'S ENGLISH HUMORISTS.\*

MR. THACKERAY is amongst us once again, and gives welcome notice of his reappearance by the publication of the famous lectures we heard two years ago. Since that time they have drawn crowds of interested listeners in many of our great towns. Those who came once to hear and see the author of "Vanity Fair," and to watch at a safe distance the terrible satirist, whose dressing-gown, like that of the old Frankish king, was trimmed with the scalps of slaughtered "snobs," were attracted to continue their attendance to the close of the course by the engaging manner of the lecturer, just sufficiently elevated above the frank familiarity of the best society, by his expressive but always pleasant voice, by his unconcealed desire to make a favorable impression upon his audience, no less than by the sense, the sound feeling, the delicate irony, the profound human experience, or the fascinating style of the lectures. It has been a great triumph for Mr. Thackeray to have established this personal relation between himself and the admirers of his books; so that henceforth he speaks to them through these books, not as an abstraction, a voice issuing from a mask, but as a living man, and a friendly, companionable, accomplished gentleman. Few popular writers could venture the attempt thus to combine that personal sympathy and admiration which reward the great actor or singer, with the more solid and enduring esteem which attends those who can make us wiser and better while they minister to our delight. Mr. Thackeray's English success has been more than repeated in America; fulfilling the hope with which we closed our review of *Esmond*, "that his genial presence would add another to the many links which bind England to the United States." The Americans have been delighted with their guest; and he is not the man upon whom either the cordiality of their reception, or the greatness of their future, or the expanding energies of their present, are likely to be lost; nor will he regard every deviation from the Belgravian code of manners as necessarily an infringement upon those principles of manliness, kindness, simplicity, and feeling for the beautiful, by which all codes of manners will one day come to be tested. In him, American men, women, and institutions have a critic at once frank, fearless, and friendly; already, as we hear, countesses and duchesses lift up astonished

eyes at being told by one who is a favorite in their sacred circle, that the women of Boston, Baltimore, and New York — "creatures" belonging to merchants, lawyers, and men of letters — are as good as themselves; and "Aunt Harriet's Cabin" would be turned to better uses than on certain recent occasions, if Mr. Thackeray would be induced to make it the stage for communicating his experience and observations on one American institution, for the benefit of the well-disposed but unquestionably mischievous "friends of humanity" among the English aristocracy.

In turning over the pages of Mr. Thackeray's Lectures (which, by the way, abound in misprints, requiring the vigilance of the proof-corrector for the next edition), we find, as we expected, many points of literary criticism on which questions could and will be raised. Persons whose tastes and studies have led them to our older literature and history, no less than those whose training is emphatically modern, will consider that Mr. Thackeray has placed far too high the general moral and intellectual level of the eighteenth century. Particular judgments will be disputed, and the highest poetical excellence will certainly not be awarded without an appeal from Mr. Thackeray's decision. But it was not the opinions that drew crowds of various ranks and ages to the lectures; and the style — clear, idiomatic, forcible, familiar, but never slovenly — the style of a man of letters and a man of the world; the frank avowals; the searching strokes of sarcasm or irony; the occasional flashes of generous scorn; the touches of pathos, pity, and tenderness; the morality tempered but never weakened by experience and sympathy; the felicitous phrases; the passages of personal allusion to himself or his audience, and of wise practical reflection; — all these lose much less than we could have expected from the absence of the voice, manner, and look of the lecturer. To those who attended the lectures the book will be a pleasant reminiscence, to others an exciting novelty; and all will be interested in looking over the accompanying notes (which might have been and may yet be made more complete), as an agreeable selection of the facts and passages from writings on which the lecturer's judgment was founded.

From the Examiner.

FOLLOWED by admiring audiences "in England, Scotland, and the United States of America," these lectures have obtained their purpose, have achieved all reasonable fame as well as other substantial results for the lecturer, and present very little to us now to challenge attention from a reviewer. The chase is over, the sport run down, there was no place in the hunt for the critic, and where at last should he come in but with the lag-

\* The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. A Series of Lectures, delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Esmond," "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," &c. Published by Smith, Elder, and Co.



gers who fill up the cry. What matters his good or ill word? The book is sure to sell. All who did not hear the lectures will wish to know what kind of talk they were, and how these English humorists and men of genius in past times, these Addisons, Fieldings, Congreves, Swifts, Goldsmiths, and Sternes, were described or criticized by a humorist and man of genius in our own. Of criticism in the strict sense of the word, indeed, however masterly their descriptive passages, the lectures may be said to have contained little, to have pretended to little. As the lecturer told his audiences often, and now repeats in his volume, his object was rather to describe the men than their works, and to deal with their works only in so far as they illustrated the men. That this gave him a large latitude of treatment is obvious, and that he had a perfect right to avail himself of it will as little be questioned.

It is not at all necessary, therefore, that we should enter into any argument with Mr. Thackeray on the occasional critical estimates thrown out in the volume, where we happen to be unable to agree with them. But taking the lectures on their own ground, not as determining the respective literary claims of our old English humorists, but as simply expressing the views which another humorist and a very subtle as well as eloquent writer entertains of them, the lecturer must excuse us for saying that he is too fond of looking up to great imaginary heights, or of looking down from the same; and that hence, too often, he places his heroes in the not enviable predicament on the one hand of being too much coaxed, patronized, or (which is much the same thing) abused; and on the other of being put upon a top shelf so very high and out of the way, that if we do not take Mr. Thackeray's word that they really *are* there, we should not, in those inaccessible places, be in the least likely ourselves to discover them. We could not for the life of us have recognized our old friend Addison in the grand, calm, pale, isolated attitude which he is here shown off in, as one of the "lonely ones of the world;" any more than we should have looked for the wise and profound creator of Mr. Shandy and my Uncle Toby in the ruff and motley clothes of a travelling jester, laying down his carpet and tumbling in the street.

But what fine things the lectures contain! What eloquent and subtle sayings, what wise and earnest writing! How delightful are their turns of humor; with what a touching effect, in the graver passages, the genuine feeling of the man comes out; and how vividly the thoughts are *painted*, as it were, in graphic and characteristic words! For those who would learn the art of lecturing, the volume is a study. The telling points are so happily

seized, and the attention always so vividly kept up, yet never with a pressure or strain. The lecture-room is again before us as we read — the ready responses of the audience flashing back those instant appeals of the speaker — and a great, intelligent, admiring crowd, stirred and agitated in every part with genial emotions and sympathy.

We must say, too — remembering certain arguments we have formerly held, and may have to revive, with Mr. Thackeray on the just claims and proper rewards of literature — that the dignity of the writer's calling is never lost sight of in these lectures. A high spirit is always showing itself; not only a just sense of what is right and manly in all conditions of life, but a conscious pride in belonging to that particular class which has diffused so many pleasures, and practised on the whole so many virtues. Take this noble passage, in which Mr. Thackeray speaks of the letters of Pope: —

You live in them in the finest company in the world. A little stately, perhaps; a little *apprité* and conscious that they are speaking to whole generations who are listening; but in the tone of their voices — pitched, as no doubt they are, beyond the mere conversation key — in the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures, there is something generous, and cheering, and ennobling. You are in the society of men who have filled the greatest parts in the world's story — you are with St. John, the statesman; Peterborough, the conqueror; Swift, the greatest wit of all times; Gay, the kindest laugh — it is a privilege to sit in that company. Delightful and generous banquet! with a little faith and a little fancy any one of us here may enjoy it, and conjure up those great figures out of the past, and listen to their wit and wisdom. Mind that there is always a certain *cachet* about great men — they may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air — they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do — they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion when there is a crowd to back it. He who reads these noble records of a past age, salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it. You may go home now and talk with St. John; you may take a volume from your library and listen to Swift and Pope.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly. I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore towards one another. There never has been a

society of men more friendly, as there never was one more illustrious. Who dares quarrel with Mr. Pope, great and famous himself, for liking the society of men great and famous? and for liking them for the qualities which made them so? A mere pretty fellow from White's could not have written the "Patriot King," and would very likely have despised little Mr. Pope, the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men; a mere nobleman of the court could no more have won Barcelona, than he could have written Peterborough's letters to Pope, which are as witty as Congreve; a mere Irish dean could not have written "Gulliver;" and all these men loved Pope, and Pope loved all these men. To name his friends is to name the best men of his time. Addison had a senate; Pope revered his equals. He spoke of Swift with respect and admiration always. His admiration for Bolingbroke was so great, that when some one said of his friend, "There is something in that great man which looks as if he was placed here by mistake," "Yes," Pope answered, "and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to carry him home, as a coach comes to one's door for visitors." So these great spirits spoke of one another. Show me six of the dullest middle-aged gentlemen that ever dawdled round a club-table, so faithful and so friendly.

And, having opened the volume, let us quote what is said, and said most pleasantly, of Henry Fielding:—

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature, was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to awaken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones' fondness for drink and play, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen—love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius! what a vigor! what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! what a vast sympathy! what a cheerfulness! what a manly relish of life! what a love of human kind! what a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humor and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view

of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.

Nor can we close the book without one striking extract more. It speaks of Steele, but exhibits also Mr. Thackeray's tone (not on the whole a just one, we think, though not to be excepted to in this particular passage) as to Swift and Addison:—

The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and so carelessly, that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gowmsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen ushers of the court, with men and women of fashion; with authors and wits, with the inmates of the sponging-houses, and with the frequenters of all the clubs and coffee-houses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you like to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a box full of children at the pantomime. He was not of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any man who ever wrote; and, full of hearty applause and sympathy, wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good-humor. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes. He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakspeare affectionately, and more than any man of his time; and, according to his generous, expansive nature, called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise; he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation, and Addison's lonely serenity. Permit me to read to you a passage from each writer, curiously indicative of his peculiar humor; the subject is the same, and the mood the very gravest. We have said that upon all the actions of man, the most trifling and the most solemn, the humorist takes upon himself to comment. All readers of our old masters know the terrible lines of Swift, in which he hints at his philosophy and describes the end of mankind:—

Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,  
The world stood trembling at Jove's throne;  
While each pale sinner hung his head,  
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said:  
"Offending race of human kind,  
By nature, reason, learning, blind;  
You who through frailty stepped aside,  
And you who never erred through pride;  
You who in different sects were shamed,  
And come to see each other damned!  
(So some folk told you, but they knew  
No more of Jove's designs than you),  
The world's mad business now is o'er,  
And I resent your freaks no more;  
I to such blockheads set my wit,  
I damn such fools—go, go, you're bit!"

Addison, speaking on the very same theme, but with how different a voice! says, in his fa-

mous paper on Westminster Abbey ("Spectator," No. 26):—"For my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow." (I have owned that I do not think Addison's heart melted very much, or that he indulged very inordinately in the "vanity of grieving.") "When," he goes on, "when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. And, when I read the several dates on the tombs of some that died yesterday and some 600 years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Our third humorist comes to speak upon the same subject. You will have observed in the previous extracts the characteristic humor of each writer—the subject and the contrast—the fact of Death, and the play of individual thought, by which each comments on it; and now hear the third writer—death, sorrow, and the grave, being for the moment also his theme. "The first sense of sorrow I ever knew," Steele says in the "Tatler," "was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed of a real understanding why nobody would play with us. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me, in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more; for they were going to put him under-ground, whence he would never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief, amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since."

Can there be three more characteristic moods of minds and men? "Fools! do you know anything of this mystery?" says Swift, stamping on a grave and carrying his scorn for mankind actually beyond it. Miserable, purblind wretches! how dare you to pretend to comprehend the inscrutable, and how can your dim eyes pierce the unfathomable depths of yonder boundless heaven? Addison, in a much kinder language

and gentler voice, utters much the same sentiment; and speaks of the rivalry of wits, and the contests of holy men, with the same sceptic placidity. "Look what a little vain dust we are," he says, smiling over the tombstones; and catching, as is his wont, quite a divine effulgence as he looks heavenward, he speaks in words of inspiration, almost, of "the Great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

The third, whose theme is death too, and who will speak his word of moral as Heaven teaches him, leads you up to his father's coffin, and shows you his beautiful mother weeping, and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at her side. His own natural tears flow as he takes your hand and confidently asks your sympathy. "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are," he says, "how tender little children!" Let us love these and one another, brother—God knows we have need of love and pardon. So it is each man looks with his own eyes, speaks with his own voice, and prays his own prayer.

When Steele asks your sympathy for the actors in that charming scene of Love and Grief and Death, who can refuse it? One yields to it as to the frank advance of a child, or to the appeal of a woman. A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanly—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits nor the deepest of thinkers; but he is our friend; we love him, as children love their love with an A, because he is amiable.

When Mr. Thackeray there said so well that "a man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanly," he did not perhaps know that Landor had expressed the same thought in very beautiful verse:—

Let others, when their nature has been changed  
To such unwonted state, when they are called  
To do what angels do and brutes do not,  
Sob at their shame, and say they are unmanly;  
Unmanly they cannot be; they are not men.  
At glorious deeds, at sufferings well endured,  
Yea, at life's thread snapt with its gloss upon it,  
Be it man's pride and privilege to weep.

Mr. Thackeray's lectures, we may observe in conclusion, are printed pretty much as they were spoken, except that additions have been made (we notice this particularly in the Swift) in connection with particular writings of the humorists not at first introduced, and that a great many notes are appended illustrative of statements or opinions in each lecture. We are not quite sure that these notes will be thought an improvement. They are not generally very apt; they have no merit of rare or out of the way reading, and here and there they have *tant soit peu* of a book-making aspect. The lectures had better have been left to run alone, which they could well afford to do.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

### MULATTO LITERATURE.

THE empire of literature is gradually extending. The printing-press, like civilization, is making the tour of the world; and even in imperial Hayti, among a population of negroes, literature is becoming a power for good, if not also for evil.

At the time when the negroes of Hayti revolted against France, elementary instruction in the French language had made some progress in the island. Schools and churches had been founded; the negroes spoke in broken French, many of them could read, and they mostly worshipped in Catholic churches. Still, the literary classes were greatly in the minority, for the bulk of the population were illiterate slaves when the rebellion broke out which finally severed their connection with France.

During the height and fever of the rebellion everything French was hated and denounced—French books, French churches, French monuments, and French men. Such of the latter as were not killed were banished the island, after which the blacks governed themselves—first under a black president, and, as now, under a black emperor. On the massacre of the last French colonists, Dessalines, the future emperor, was asked "What was to be done with the French libraries?" "We have no need of them," was his reply, "except for gun-wadding." And by his orders, the company of grenadiers, who went from house to house in Port-au-Prince, tore to pieces and threw into the street all the books they could discover.

Not content with suppressing the "paper speech," as he called it, Dessalines resolved also to put down the schools, in which he had succeeded to some extent before his sudden and violent death. Nevertheless, the germs of literature, however imperfectly, had been planted in Hayti, and when the population had time to settle down to peaceful pursuits, and their hatred of the French became assuaged, they turned to literature as a necessity. The president, Petion, encouraged letters, and restored some of the schools; but the ban being still upon all French colonists, no professors could be obtained to fill the seats in the university, and the progress of learning was therefore very slow. The more intelligent part of the former free blacks and mulattoes of the island having gradually betaken themselves to the towns, there to engage in commercial pursuits, found themselves gradually drawn together; and many of them united in clubs, especially in masonic lodges, which latter reunions soon became the nuclei of the literature and learning of Hayti. These lodges were schools of mutual help, as well as social gatherings, at which each mem-

ber endeavored to contribute his quota of entertainment in the form of dissertations, toasts, fables, dramatic essays, songs, and funeral orations. Petion also patronized the public journals, assisting the proprietors with presses and paper; and these, together with the establishment of theatres, the throwing open of the senate houses, the public right of petition, triennial electoral meetings, and above all civic festivities, which were and still are the occasion of numerous speechifications, presented additional opportunities for the growth of the infant literature of Hayti.

At an early period in Haytian literary history the need of a grammar was felt, and the then director of the national printing-office, Chaulatte, undertook the task. The French grammars had all been torn to pieces, but he compiled one, not without many faults, from memory. This answered its purpose very well, until the reestablishment of pacific and commercial relations with France, in 1823, reintroduced French books, and gave a new impulse to education in the island.

The present native literature is not extensive, but it is growing. Truth to say, it is chiefly of a very light description, fitted rather for amusement than for high culture. The negro is a pleasure-loving being, of warm blood; and the mulatto is his brother, differing from him mainly in a lighter-colored skin, for French blood runs in the veins of the mulattoes of Hayti. And the French-Haytian mulatto, sprung from two volatile sources, is an embodiment of volatility, the like of which perhaps few countries can exhibit. Hence the gay literature of Hayti, which is but a reflex of its people.

First and foremost come drama and comedy. The theatre is the leading amusement of the Haytians, and many of the negroes have a strong love of acting, as well as an extraordinary talent for it, the negro being essentially imitative. Even in the time of Dessalines, the boys at Port-au-Prince used to compose and play little melo-dramas, which had for their subject the principal episodes in the expedition of the French general, Leclerc. All that we know of these essays now is, that they were furiously applauded. One little circumstance is still remembered—that the head of the French colonel, Frère, a character in one of the dramas, was decorated with an enormous hairy cap, on which might be read in large red letters—"Hayti, the grave of Frenchmen."

Since then, a really great actor has appeared in Hayti—Dupré—and he has also exhibited eminent qualities as a poet and a dramatic writer. He wrote some light dramas, which were played, himself being the principal actor, with immense success; but having been killed in a duel, and the



manuscripts being in the possession of his widow, she refuses to deliver them up for publication, through superstitious caprice of conjugal piety. These plays of Dupré were thoroughly Haytian, and strikingly illustrative of the manners, opinions, habits, and character of his countrymen. They were chiefly illustrative of the slavery period of the island, before the advent of "liberty." Dupré has been called the Haytian Molière, and the effects produced by the acting of his plays are said to have justified the simile. Many of Dupré's satires, songs, and poems, in French, are still preserved, and they possess extraordinary pith and vigor.

Dupré flourished under Petion's presidency — when Christophe reigned in the eastern and Petion in the western part of the island. Under the presidency of Boyer, who succeeded Petion, some eleven native dramatists made their appearance, and some of their specimens are to be found in the *Haytian Bee* (*l'Abeille Haïtienne*), a Port-au-Prince newspaper. The treatment of subjects is clever, though the morality would not be considered very pure in Europe; for, in Hayti, brothers do not hesitate to marry sisters by the connivance of "the church," and many of the most favorite Haytian dramas have for their themes love-passages of this sort. M. Milscent, a man of color educated in France, is the author of several pieces of this description.

But not only have the Haytians theatres and theatrical entertainments; they also established an opera, and a royal academy of music. What, do you think, was the original strength of the orchestra of the Royal Academy? Two violins, two clarinets, two flutes, two horns, and a bassoon. This formed the royal court band of Christophe. He also possessed a composer of music, M. Cassian, a Haytian, who produced some comic operas, which were played before their "majesties." Christophe had also a considerable staff of amateur theatrical performers about the court; they consisted of thirty amateurs and twenty *amatrices* (as the royal Almanac of Hayti duly announced), and also seven ladies of the ballet — all black. But Christophe having committed suicide in 1820, the royal opera for some time languished, though we have heard that the present emperor has revived it in full force. At the present time, Port-au-Prince supports three theatres, the *Haytian* theatre, the *Théâtre des Variétés* and the *Ambigu*. In one of these, the orchestra consists chiefly of drums, and the musical accompaniment to the songs may therefore be imagined better than described. The audiences also take a considerable part in the performances; and are constantly ejaculating with loud voices in the course of the play; — so that the Haytian drama, though remarkably amusing, would not probably command the

respect of a *recherché* audience on this side the Atlantic. But it amuses the Haytians, and thus serves its purpose.

The newspapers of Hayti exhibit more satisfactory progress. At their commencement, they were very bombastic, lauding their black emperor as if he had been a very god; rivaling in this respect the most toadying court newspapers of old Europe. There was the greater excuse for this on the part of the Haytian gentlemen of the press, as, but for the patronage and support of the Haytian monarch, they could not have survived the early stages of their being. But within the last twenty years, the Haytian newspapers have exhibited a steady and rapid improvement; they are much more independent in their tone of opinion, and they contain many articles and critiques, with sketches of local manners and character, which enable them to stand a comparison with the journals of many of the more civilized of European countries. Two of the longest established journals of Port-au-Prince, the *Republican* and the *Union*, have published sketches of local manners, and tales of Haytian life, which would even bear reprinting in our *Parlor and Railway Libraries*. Ignocée Nau is one of the cleverest of the negro novelists, and his tales of negro sorcery (in which negroes are generally profound believers — at least those of Hayti) possess great originality and power. Besides the journals above mentioned, there are three others published at Port-au-Prince, the *Revue des Tribunaux*, the *Moniteur*, and the *Commercial Journal*. The *Moniteur* is the organ of the government, and some of the others are opposition papers. Indeed, several of the editors have "suffered," like their white brethren in Paris, because of their occasional severely satiric criticisms of the government measures. These papers, like our own, are often full of long reports of speeches delivered by Haytian orators, not less turgid than the speeches of our own Chowlers. About the time of the civic festivals there is a grievous flux of negro rhetoric, just as there is here at the time of our elections.

The advocate, Mullery, who is the editor of the *Revue des Tribunaux*, has proved a serious thorn in the side of the ruling powers, by the vein of satire in which he treats of their doings. Among other things, he deplores the want of dignity in the proceedings of the Haytian law courts, and he tries to shame the judges and people out of their coarse and clumsy modes of procedure by satiric descriptions and comic dialogues. Here, for example, is his sketch of the High Court of Hayti, at the decisive moment, in a trial for conspiracy: —

"Here the judges sit sleeping on the bench, there the defendants sleep at the bar; on one

side the accused sleep on their form, on the other side the registrars of the court snore at their desk; all round, the sentinels are asleep, with arms in their hands; but the president of the court exhibits an extraordinary force of character; he alone, always on the fidgets, is enabled to subdue sleep; for he is allowed so much extra, because of the additional work which he performs in rousing up the sleeping judges. The vice-president and the military accuser of the prisoners at the bar yield themselves only occasionally to a pleasant nap; the military officers on duty walk round the court from time to time, startling and wakening up the sleeping sentinels with strokes given with the flat of their sabres.

"In the midst of all this sleep the sound of a tambourine is heard outside, accompanying a number of singers passing along the street. Immediately the audience is thoroughly wakened up; the president of the jury bolts into the street to see the fun, and the heads of the Supreme Court are precipitately drawn out at the windows!" Such is the journalist's description of a Haytian court.

We might proceed to give specimens of Haytian poetry, which is by no means to be despised, though it often sounds very like the echoes of Lamartine or Victor Hugo. Hayti has also already produced several historians, the most industrious of whom is Madiou; his three large volumes of the *History of Hayti* published at Port-au-Prince, form at least an excellent collection of materials, though the book is wanting in balance and proportion. Lissant has also furnished some admirable contributions towards the history of the island; and he has proved his literary merit by having carried off the prize awarded by the French Society for his essay on the abolition of slavery.

Such is a brief outline of the literary state and progress of the negro or mulatto empire of Hayti. The result is certainly cheering, and proves that notwithstanding the enormous disadvantages which the blacks of that island have labored under, springing suddenly as they have done from slavery into full freedom, they have, during the last fifty years, made decided and even rapid progress in intellectual culture.

From Hogg's Instructor.

#### A MATHEMATICAL STORY: LAPLACE AND BIOT.

AN anecdote of M. Laplace, the celebrated author of the "*Mecanique Celeste*," was lately read before the French Academy by Mons. J. B. Biot, one of Laplace's most eminent pupils, and now, we believe, filling the chair of the mathematics. M. Biot terms

his paper, or memoir, an anecdote; but it is more a piece of entertaining scientific autobiography, illustrating the love of science, hopefulness of heart, and magnanimity of nature, of both pupil and tutor.

It is now fifty years ago (commences M. Biot) since one of the greatest philosophers France has produced took by the hand a young and inexperienced student of the mathematics, who had the presumption to form the resolution of personally waiting upon the great professor, although a complete stranger, and requesting his examination of a crude essay connected with the above science. At the time I speak of (1803), the Academy hardly demanded more of young students than that they should at least show zeal in whatever engaged their studies. I was fond of the study of geometry, but, like other young men, lost a good deal of time in capriciously dallying with other sciences. Nevertheless, my ambition was to penetrate those higher regions of the mathematics on which the laws of the heavenly bodies could be defined. But the works of the ancients on this grand subject are abstruse, and naturally taxed a tyro's comprehension on the threshold of his inquiries. At the commencement of the present century, M. Laplace was laboring at the composition of a work, now celebrated, which was to unite, in a comprehensive form, the calculation of the old astronomers as well as modern, and submit them to the test of new calculations. The first volume of M. Laplace's book was promised to appear under the title of the "*Mecanique Celeste*," it being then in the press. This fact induced me to take a step which was both precipitate and impertinent, although it fortunately proved successful, and opened the door of M. Laplace's studio to me. I had the presumption to write to the professor, requesting that he would permit me to assist him in correcting the proof-sheets of his celebrated work, while they were proceeding through the press. M. Laplace replied to my letter politely, but excused himself from complying with its request, on the plea that his calculations might become anticipated in publication by their being submitted to a stranger. This refusal, reasonable as it was, did not satisfy me; and so greatly did my zeal outweigh my sense of propriety, that I made a second appeal to the learned author, representing that all I wished was to test the amount of my own proficiency in the mathematics, by having the opportunity of inspecting and studying his valuable pages. I stated that my prevailing taste was to pursue calculations of the abstruse order of his book; and that, if he granted me permission, I would devote myself carefully to the task of endeavoring to discover any typographical errors that might exist in his volume then

going through the press. My persistence disarmed him; and, in short, he sent me all the proof-sheets, accompanied by an exceedingly kind letter of encouragement. I need not say with what ardor I devoted myself to my task. I could well apply to my case the Latin maxim — “Violente rapiunt illud.”

At the date of this occurrence, I resided at some distance from Paris; but from time to time I went thither, taking with me whatever I had got through of my revision, and I certainly found opportunities for making errata. At each succeeding visit, Laplace received me in the most encouraging and friendly manner, examining my revisions attentively, the while discussing with me, in the most condescending manner, my favorite topic of the mathematics. His kind reception and deportment won all my confidence. I frequently drew his attention to what I thought were difficulties in my studies, but he always helped me over the stile condescendingly, although his valuable time must have been somewhat unfairly trespassed upon. But, in fact, Laplace, out of sheer good-nature, often pretended to consider questions of importance the simplest propositions, which my inexperience caused me to submit to him.

Shortly after I had become his regular visitor, and was received as a guest, or rather pupil, I was so fortunate as to accidentally offer a suggestion, which threw some new light on the mode in which mathematical calculations were to be made in correction of Euler's work, “De Insignia Promotione Methodi Tangentium.” In Petersburg's scales there are classes of questions in geometry of a very singular kind, which Euler has only partly solved. The singularity of the problems consisted in explaining the nature or true character of an irregular curve, of an almost shapeless form to any eye but a mathematical one. His description of an irregular curve is so crooked, and full of minor and mixed irregularities of shape, that it is quite capable of confusing a beginner in the mathematics in his attempts at rendering it amenable to mathematical principles and rules. It presented to me a problem which no one had, I believed, fairly solved, Euler and Laplace inclusive, and it was important enough to engage my special attention and severest application.

It is not necessary that the translator should follow M. Biot's explanations of his actual method of solving the problem, since they are extremely difficult to explain within moderate limits either of space or patience; suffice, that, having dived to the profoundest depths of the science, he says he rose up possessed of the *Eureka* — viz., in certain unique analytical and symbolical equations, by which occult means he solved the problem in question.

My calculations (pursues M. Biot) were duly and patiently gone into and finished, their object being to explain the nature or characteristics of this irregular curve. The symbols or *Meroglyphics* I chose to employ, for want of any better, covered many folios of foolscap, and finally I submitted my manuscript to my excellent tutor. He examined it with manifest surprise and curiosity, and appeared much pleased with the production. The next day he told me that I must make a copy of my *mémoire*, for the purpose of its being laid before the Academy, and that he would introduce me as the author of an original paper on the mathematics, which I was to read. This was an honor I did not even think of, and I felt in doubt whether I ought to accept it; but the judgment of Laplace being so strongly in behalf of my doing so, I acted upon his advice, and prepared myself for the coming ordeal.

I presented myself at the Academy the following day accordingly. By permission of the president, I proceeded to draw upon the large black table, used for ocular demonstrations, the figures and formula I was desirous to employ as modes of explanation before an auditory. When the opportunity was afforded me to commence, the table at which I stood was immediately surrounded by the geometers of the Academy. General Bonaparte, then just returned from Egypt, was one of those seated amongst them. I overheard Napoleon, in conversation with M. Monge, a celebrated academicien of the day, express his interest in the debut of one who, like himself, had been a student in the Polytechnic School. This was a gratifying circumstance; but, to my surprise, Bonaparte pretended to anticipate the contents of my paper, by exclaiming aloud to Monge, who sat near him — “What! surely I know those figures again: I have certainly met those symbols before!” I could not help fancying, that the general was extremely premature in thus declaring knowledge of what no one save M. Laplace had any opportunity of examining, at least by my consent; but, occupied as I was, every other thought gave way before the one great aim I had in view, to explain my calculations in correction of Euler's problem. In my agitation, I neither thought of Napoleon's military greatness nor his political power; consequently, his presence on those accounts did not trouble me much. Nevertheless, Bonaparte's well-known talents as a geometrician, which had been not only exercised in the Polytechnic School, but on a wider and bolder scale during his military career, particularly in fortification, joined to his well-known quickness and foresight, were sufficient to make me pause ere I attempted to communicate matters, in the study of which I might prove, after all, but

a mere tyro. However, it was only the hesitation of a few minutes. The thought that Laplace had been my adviser reassured me. I proceeded with my demonstrations, and soon found myself in the midst of them, explaining very freely, and I believe, also, as clearly, the nature, point, and results of my researches. On conclusion, I received numerous assurances from the academicians that my calculations possessed considerable scientific value. Laplace, Bonaparte and Lacroix were appointed adjudicators upon my contribution to the Academy, and they accorded me the usual honors of a successful *mémoire*.

After the *séance*, I accompanied M. Laplace to his residence; he very openly expressed his satisfaction at the neatness and finish (these were his words) of my demonstrations, and he said his pleasure was greater still, from my having had the good sense to take his advice, and not hazard too much to theory. But I was quite unprepared for what was to come. When we reached home, Laplace invited me to come at once into his study, "for," said he, "I have something there to show you that I am sure will interest you." I followed him, and he made me sit down in his *fauteuil*, while he rummaged amongst his keys for one which belonged to a cupboard, that, he asserted, had not been opened for years. Out of this cupboard he took a roll of yellow and dusty papers, which he carried to the window, threw up the sash, and then began energetically beating the manuscripts against the wall, intent, apparently, on divesting them of the dust and spiders which had made the writings their resting-place. At length the papers were in a condition to be deciphered; and Laplace put them before me, to make what I could of the figures inscribed upon the old manuscripts. I had gone, however, but a little way in my examination, when (conceive my surprise at the discovery) I found that the mouldy papers contained *all my problems*, and those also of Euler, treated and solved even by the identical method I had believed myself to have alone discovered!

Laplace informed me that he had arrived at the solution of most of Euler's problems many years ago, but that he had been stopped in his calculations by the same obstacle of which he had warned me — the fear of carrying theory too far. Hoping to be able to reconcile his doubts sooner or later, he had put the calculations aside, and had said nothing about them to any one, not even to me, notwithstanding my having taken up the same theme, and attempted to foist my wonderful symbols upon him as a *novelty*! I cannot express what I felt during the short hour in which Laplace laid before me these proofs of his professional talents and the magnanimity of his nature.

The success of my paper was everything to me; but, had it pleased Laplace's humor to have questioned its originality before the Academy received it, I should have lost heart altogether, and never dared again to put forward any claims of mine to being an original investigator in science. Professional abnegation is seldom enough practised in trifling matters, much less in great ones, like that I have adduced to the honor of Laplace. But, besides the liberality of the act of keeping his work a secret from me until it could do me no harm, the professor exercised throughout such delicacy towards me as a humble student, that it won my deep respect. My career, ever since the day he took me by the hand, and presented me to the most eminent learned society of France, has been one of success — success, I fear, far beyond my merits. But, under Heaven, it is Laplace I have to thank for all, and for the honorable station I have been permitted to attain. To him I owe a debt of gratitude I can never adequately repay. The extent of my power is to make these general acknowledgments of his great worth, and to offer this public testimony to my appreciation of his rare talents. His influence upon the progress of physical as well as mathematical science has been immense. During fifty years, nearly all those who have cultivated such studies have gone for instruction to the works of Laplace; we have been enlightened by his discoveries, and we have depended considerably upon his labors for any improvements our own works possess. There are few now living who were the associates of Laplace; but the scientific world must ever do homage to his genius.\*

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THE Jesuit Ghezzi, a writer of the eighteenth century, used to wear seven skull-caps beneath his wig. The learned French mathematician, Fourier, had returned from Egypt a martyr to rheumatism, and with a constant sensation of cold; he suffered dreadfully whenever he was exposed to an atmosphere lower than 20° Reaumur; a servant followed him everywhere with a mantle, in readiness for any sudden change of temperature. During the latter years of his life, exhausted by an asthma, from which he had been a sufferer from his youth, he kept himself, for the purposes of writing and speaking to his friends, inclosed in a species of box, which permitted no deviation of the body, and left at liberty only his head and hands.

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\* On M. Biot has descended the mantle of Laplace. He is reputed to be the greatest living mathematician in France. He is a member of the Institute and Academy of Sciences, and an honorary member of the French Academy of the Belles-lettres.



From the Economist.

## RUMORS OF WAR.

## THE POSTURE OF THE CONTINENT.

CLOUDS are gathering in more than one quarter of the political horizon, which may disperse as they have done before, but which may also burst into a tempest of which no human eye can foresee either the devastation or the end. The unfortunate Sultan of Turkey, bullied by France, bullied by Austria, bullied by Russia, has at length discovered that past concessions have only brought upon him fresh encroachments, and that, if he does not wish to be reduced to the condition of the merest shadow and puppet that ever sat upon a throne since the days of the *rois fainçans* of France, he must at once adopt a policy of prompt, firm, and resolute resistance. More than three months ago, on the 26th of March last, we called attention to the ulterior designs which lay hidden under the then moderate demands of Russia; and showed that her real purpose in mooted the question of the Holy Shrines was to become the ostensible and avowed protector of the Christian subjects of the Porte:—a pretension which, if once allowed, would afford her the pretext she desires for perpetual interference in the internal government of Turkey, would extinguish the influence of the other powers of Europe over the court of Constantinople, and must inevitably end in sinking the Sultan into the mere helpless vassal of the Czar. Official information has now reached this country that Russia has at length thrown off the mask, and has boldly demanded the consent of the Porte to a convention constituting and declaring her the protector of all the Greek Christians throughout the Ottoman dominions—that is, of *four fifths* of the entire population. Of course, such a demand was felt by the Sultan and his advisers, both native and foreign, to be utterly inadmissible: he has refused to entertain it; and Prince Menschikoff has accordingly pronounced his mission to be at an end, and has formally withdrawn from Constantinople. Considerable bodies of Russian troops are understood to be concentrating within easy distance of the frontier, and a formidable fleet has been collected at Sebastopol, about five days' sail from the Bosphorus.

Now, menacing as is the aspect of affairs in the East, we do not expect the peace to be broken if Turkey is firm, and if her allies are prompt, decisive, and united in their action;—since it is the characteristic of Russian diplomacy to be as pliant as it is encroaching, and always to recede before a resolute front and an enterprise of doubtful and hazardous result. Russia never abandons a design, but is always ready to postpone it, if need be, till a more convenient season; she is as pa-

tient as she is pertinacious; and will never risk her plum by endeavoring to gather it before it is ripe. The question, therefore, whether she will now persist in her demands, will depend entirely on the nature and degree of the resistance she may meet with: this resistance will be measured by the unbending determination and bold attitude which the Sultan may display; and this, again, will in the main depend upon the cordial and united aid on which he may be authorized to rely from France and England. Can he count upon their vigorous and honorable coöperation in his hour of need? The British government have already announced in the plainest terms their resolution to allow no interference with the independence or integrity of Turkey; and this announcement will, of course, have great weight with the court of St. Petersburg; and only two months since the French government were anxious for our support in prosecuting their dispute with Russia at Constantinople in the matter of the Holy Shrines, and some of their statesmen were not a little disappointed and annoyed at our indisposition to be made a cat's-paw for the support of pretensions in that quarter which we deemed unwarrantable, and which have indirectly furnished to Russia the pretext for urging her present equally unwarrantable claims.

But this is not the only dispute which threatens to disturb the tranquillity of Europe. The insolent and overbearing conduct of Austria to Piedmont and to Switzerland has led to a withdrawal of ambassadors and a cessation of diplomatic intercourse with both those states. She has long been seeking an occasion of quarrel, and at length seems resolved to make it. She has confiscated the property of Sardinian subjects in defiance alike of natural justice and of international law; she has expelled many hundred Swiss subjects from her territory at a few hours' notice, and with barely the shadow of a pretext; and she is now apparently trying how far she can go, in the way of menace and coercion to these weaker states, without arousing the resentful and active interference of their allies. For, it must be borne in mind, the independence both of Switzerland and Piedmont is guaranteed by all the great powers who were parties to the existing settlement of Europe, and—violence apart—they hold their territories and institutions by precisely the same tenure which gave Lombardy to the Austrian crown.

Both in the East and in the West, then, a case has arisen to test—prospectively at least—the fidelity of England and France to their several engagements, their power of sincere and cordial coöperation, and the courage, vigor, and capacity of their respective governments. If they act promptly, honorably, and in unison, the peril which now menaces the peace of Europe will be averted, the meditated

iniquities will be crushed in the conception, and the persevering ambition of Russia and the gross and bearish tyranny of Austria will meet with a merited and wholesome check. *Will they so act?* We trust they may: we see no insuperable reason why they should not; but we see also the conditions necessary to enable them to do so. France has perhaps a less vivid interest than we have in preventing the absorption of Turkey by the Czar, inasmuch as she has no Indian possessions with which to maintain a free communication; but as a continental power she is even more intimately concerned in preventing that aggrandizement of her two most formidable continental rivals which must result from the conquest or dismemberment of the Ottoman dominions; she has always been peculiarly tenacious of her influence in the Mediterranean and the Levant, which the possession of Constantinople by Russia (actually or virtually) would greatly impair; and she has just been checkmated by Russia in an attempt to extend this influence. She has, therefore, the most direct and powerful motives for acting cordially with us on the Eastern Question. Then as regards the *imbroglio* nearer home:—Switzerland is placed as a sort of neutral barrier between France and Austria; over it both have extended their web of intrigues; in it both have long found a favorite battle-field for their diplomacy; and any encroachments by the one power must be at the expense of the influence of the other. France is more closely and deeply interested than any other European state in maintaining inviolate the independence and integrity of Switzerland—or at least in protecting it from violation by any one except herself. For generations and for centuries, again, the two nations have been competitors for the supreme power over Italy; at one time France was almost omnipotent in that quarter; of late years, however, Austria has out-generalled and nearly dispossessed her; and the meanest and blackest crime she has committed within living memory—the forcible occupation of Rome—was prompted by her jealousy of Austrian supremacy and her desire to recover her old position. Even now it is well understood that Austria is more influential even at Rome than Louis Napoleon with his 20,000 troops cantoned in the city; and if the court of Vienna is permitted effectively to menace and control the freedom of Piedmont, there is an end of French *prestige* and French power in the Peninsula. It is impossible to believe that France in her senses can contemplate such an issue. Therefore both in the East and in the West her interests and her feelings should alike prompt her to unite cordially with England and to act with decision against Austria and Russia. Her ambassador proclaims that she will do so; our ministers announce a “perfect under-

standing;” and the late reception of the Duke of Genoa at Paris may be taken as an indication of the state of opinion and feeling at the Tuileries.

Whence, then, arises the distrust which seems still to be felt in many quarters, and which, though we do not profess to share it, we yet cannot ignore? It arises from the personal character and the supposed private motives and designs of the French emperor. It is affirmed that no reliance is to be placed upon his professions; and that he would break through any line of policy that had been agreed upon between the two countries if his peculiar and immediate objects of ambition could be promoted thereby. The point which he is believed to have now most earnestly at heart is the presence of the Pope at his coronation. He thinks, and we doubt not with just reason, that his consecration by the supreme head of the Catholic Church (a privilege granted to none of the other sovereigns of Europe) would have a great effect in sanctioning and consolidating his usurpation in the eyes of the majority of his Catholic subjects. It would also, he feels, be another point of similitude between him and his uncle, and would be a considerable discouragement to the hopes and pretensions of the Legitimist party. Now, it is understood that Pius IX. himself is willing enough and even desirous to come to Paris; he is weak enough to have a childish longing for the popular acclamations on which he feasted during the first two years of his reign; and these he can no longer obtain at Rome, but might look for in abundance from the pious peasantry and the excitable populace of France. But the cardinals have set their face against the scheme, and the cardinals are under the sway of Austria. If Austria would consent to the project, the Pope would set out for Paris to-morrow. And it is scarcely to be supposed that the consent of Austria might not be purchased—*England being neutral, inactive, or otherwise employed*—by allowing her to pursue unchecked her own encroaching and oppressive designs against Switzerland and the Sardinian kingdom. This Machiavellian calculation is, we believe, the hope of Austria, and it is, we know, the fear of many French and of some English politicians. The suggestion is, no doubt, one deserving of cautious consideration, but we incline to think that too much weight may be given to it. We believe that the presence of Pio Nono might long since have been secured, even in spite of Austrian disapproval, if Louis Napoleon would have agreed to the terms which the cardinals of the court of Rome proposed to him;—terms which, however, he regarded as too unfavorable to the independence and national character of the Gallican Church to be submitted to. This proves, at least, that there is a price

which Louis Napoleon either dares not or does not choose to pay even for the blessing of Papal consecration; and surely submission to the supremacy of Austria in Italy and Switzerland would be a heavier and more dangerous price even than the surrender of the ecclesiastical liberties of France.

The Emperor of Russia has, it is understood, another ground for disbelieving in the possibility of a cordial, faithful, and enduring alliance between the French and English governments. He is aware that Louis Napoleon has, and has long had, his own pet plan for the re-partitioning of Europe in a manner which England could not for a moment listen to, but which would not be unfavorable to the interests of Austria and Russia, nor wholly unacceptable to them — if, indeed, such gigantic plans of dissolution and reorganization could be once seriously entertained. He believes that, by divulging these schemes to the British cabinet, he could show them how insecure and faithless was the ally with whom they had undertaken to act, and could thus sow between the two governments the seeds of a mistrust which would effectually prevent all united and cordial action in opposition to his movements; — while at the same time he calculates that he can at any moment detach the French emperor from our side by consenting, or encouraging the hope of future consent, to his secret, daring, deep-laid, and comprehensive projects of conquest, annexation, and redistribution. In fact, both Austria and Russia believe, and calculate on the assumption, that their brother emperor *has his price*; — we believe so too; but we think it is a price which neither of them will deliberately agree to pay.

Reflections of this nature may, we fear, tend considerably and most mischievously to confuse our policy and hamper our action in the present critical juncture. But there is another class of considerations, more practically within our scope, which operate in the same direction, and to which we wish to call serious attention. If the English government is to act now, or to act at all, with confidence, vigor and effect, in preserving peace which is endangered, in maintaining independence which is menaced, in defending justice which is about to be violated, in upholding weakness which is exposed to insolence and oppression — *it must be able to speak in the name and with all the influence of the nation* — it must be empowered to act *cum toto corpore regni*. Of late years our foreign minister has been hampered, thwarted, and confused by the feeling that he was exposed to the certain animadversions of an influential party in the country, who, if he spoke boldly, would refuse to back him; who, if he used — in however clear and good a cause — the language which England was accustomed to use, would blame his pro-

ceedings, impede his action, take their stand upon maxims of economy and selfish isolation, persuade foreign powers that he did not speak the sentiments of the English people, and weaken and counteract in every conceivable manner the legitimate influence of his representations. Now, as no minister likes, or ought, to commit his sovereign to a tone or a line of action in her international relations which Parliament cannot be relied upon to enable her to maintain and carry out, the conduct of the parties we refer to has had a most deplorable effect, not only in tying the hands of our foreign secretary, and rendering his diplomatic action feeble, hesitating, and undignified, but in weakening the influence and impairing the position of this country in the great commonwealth of nations. It is, we think, difficult to over-estimate the extent to which the existing prostration of liberty upon the continent, and the daily insults to which Englishmen are subjected wherever Austrian influence is felt, may be traced to the unpatriotic, unworthy, and indiscriminate hostility and misrepresentations which every liberal foreign minister has had to encounter or to fear from many who might have been expected to know better, to see further, and to feel more nobly. They have proclaimed ostentatiously in the face of Europe — “Never mind what our minister says; he is only the organ of a clique — Never mind what he threatens; we will promise that England shall never go to war in his quarrel.” We trust that language of this sort will be stigmatized as it deserves, and will cease for the future. We have now at the Foreign Office a minister whom no one can accuse of a meddling or quarrelsome disposition. His sympathies are known to be with the cause of freedom; his tastes are on the side of peace; the dignity and honor of England are dear to his heart; and her interests may safely be left in his hands. But if he is to speak and act as becomes our representative — if he is to uphold our engagements and our rights — if he is to protect the feeble — if he is to control encroachments and to repel aggressions — it must be known and felt that he has the whole country at his back, independent alike of party rivalships or individual crotchets. Trusting, as we may trust, in his caution, in his prudence, in his love of peace, in his sense of right, we must let it be understood that what *he* says *we* will do; that, valuing tranquillity much, but hating oppression more, we are ready with money and with men — to any extent and for any length of time — to maintain our position, to do our duty, to protect our fellow-countrymen and our friends. The Emperor of Russia thinks otherwise; let us show him his mistake. The Emperor of Austria fancies we shall bear anything; let us prove to him that he may count too far on our forbearance. Thus shall we

most surely avert war—thus shall we most effectually cow, discourage, and repel the daring and high-handed iniquities of those who conceive us to be divided, feeble, or asleep.

From the Examiner, 4th June.

#### THE EASTERN QUESTION AND EUROPEAN ALLIANCES.

Few assurances could have been the source of greater satisfaction than those lately given by Lord Clarendon and Lord John Russell, to the effect that England and France entertained similar views with respect to the demands of Russia at Constantinople, and that the representatives of the two countries are acting in union for the preservation of peace and of the independence of Turkey.

But the great fact of the day is not the blustering of Prince Menshikoff in Turkey, or the abrupt termination put to his mission. It is the gradual alienation, the augmented antagonism, which has sprung up between France and Austria, and which is likely to extend to their diplomatic action in all countries. With such conflicting interests in Italy and upon the Rhine, it is perhaps no wonder that Austria and France, however similar and sympathetic in the nature of their governments, should disagree. But this disagreement now swells to acerbity, displays itself in the interchange of pique and insult, and is leading each power to seek fresh alliances rather out of dread and hatred of its antagonist than from any well-digested or rational system of policy. A serious quarrel between Austria and France might make one or the other, or both, look to Russia for support; and then would arise a contingency which Russia might be induced to turn to its own advantage, rather than to the profit or defence of either of the countries engaged in the original quarrel.

For a long time the world could not but be aware of the antagonistic position taken up by France at Rome, and by Austria in the Roman Legation. The mutual rivalry, however, was veiled by the hatred which both bore to the partisans of Italian freedom and independence; and Prince Schwartzburg had conceived a friendship and fellow-feeling for the government and governor established in France, which, if continued, must have produced a very different state of European alliance from that which prevails at present. The death of the prince, however, so entirely disturbed these prospects, that when the Emperor of the French looked throughout Germany for a wife he found Austrian advice and influence resolute against the Bonaparte alliance, and not a single power or princess of ever so small a house disposed to smile upon his advances. The consequence was a sharp

allusion, in a French official despatch, to the undoubted and undeniable fact that Austria had on one occasion sought out and solicited a matrimonial alliance with the Emperor Napoleon.

Since that memorable declaration, the French government has with more frankness and spirit supported both the Sardinian and the Swiss government in their differences with Austria. It is not conceivable that the cabinet of Turin would have gone the length of recalling its ambassador, and of indemnifying by a parliamentary vote those of the Lombard refugees whose property was confiscated at Milan, without the approbation of the cabinet of the Tuileries. The Swiss government is also now said to be encouraged to regard even the departure of the Austrian envoy with indifference, owing to assurances which France has given.

Meanwhile the greatest blow from the other side has been the reception of King Leopold at Vienna, and the facility with which an Archduchess of Austria has been given in marriage to his son, the Duke of Brabant—an event, let us remark, with which there is every reason to feel gratified, and for much higher considerations than those of spleen or hostility to the French emperor. If there is one kingly name especially identified with the cause of constitutional government, it is King Leopold's. He has proved himself what Louis Philippe pretended to be—a master in the art of ruling and contenting a free people. That a voice of the weight and character of his should now have a chance of being heard in the court and the councils of Austria is a fact of very great influence and importance. The princess betrothed is a daughter of the Palatine of Hungary, of that archduke who showed most constitutional predilections, and who retired in disgust when all promises to the Hungarians were broken. It is also on other grounds important that the dynasty of Belgium should form an Austrian connection, since it links a country of great commercial transit to Germany rather than to France. And in contemplating such a connection we are to remember that it is between the House of Coburg and that of Austria, two families that were not many months since considered as the two extremes of European politics and interests.

Even if this sudden obsequiousness of Austria to the great constitutional families of the West has had for its consequence the invitation of the Duke of Genoa to Paris—a personal friendship between the heir of the Sardinian monarchy and the Emperor of the French offers still the same advantage to constitutional countries, of a despotic power driven to adopt the alliance and consult the interests of a constitutional king, whose greatest strength lies in the attachment of his people, and in



the union between dynastic rights and representative institutions.

As long as Austria and France, in a word, are driven by any difference of humor or of interest to seek constitutional alliances, there is no great fear of open breach. Austria has taken the same opportunity of drawing closer its relations with Prussia, and the King of Prussia was at Vienna during the festivities of the other day. A good understanding between Protestant and Catholic potentates is at least some guarantee that pretensions of religious interest will not be allowed to disturb the general peace; and so sagacious a personage as King Leopold could hardly have found himself in amicable contact with the two great monarchs of Germany, without expressing his opinion respecting the crisis of affairs at Constantinople. To put an end to such a crisis, the joint interference of Austria and Prussia would be necessarily more pacific, and for that reason more efficacious, than the intervention of France and England.

Austria indeed is the more interested party. While France\* has interfered on behalf of the Latins and the Roman Catholics far more from vanity than ambition, Austria has really had a vital interest in being regarded as the patron and protector of Slavonian Christians in Russia. It is indeed the grossest of assumptions in the latter power to pretend to any exclusive patronage of tribes on the Adriatic, where Russia can have no interest whatever except to annoy and rival Austria. Although the Muscovite has pleaded unfair diplomatic advantages lately gained by France at Constantinople as the pretext for Prince Menschikoff's mission, it is very evident that the concessions obtained by Prince Leiningen for Montenegro were far more menacing to Russian pride and influence than anything wrong from the Turks by M. de Lavalette. It is in reality, therefore, Austria who should come forward, and claim, with the whole community of the powers of Europe, that right of protecting the Christians of Turkey which Russia now arrogates to herself.

The system of creating a party in a foreign state by assuming to interfere for those op-

pressed there on account of religion, is a peculiarly Russian invention. Austria in all her wars with the Porte did not adopt the artifice. It was first employed against Poland, in the affairs of which country Russia interfered on behalf of the *Dissidents* and *Greeks* who were persecuted by the Poles on account of their religion. It was in this way that Russia succeeded in wresting Cracow and Lithuania away from Poland, and thus finally divided and absorbed that country.

The same policy has been now applied to Turkey. Hitherto, however, Russia has advanced warily and plausibly, never openly putting forward such pretensions as those said to be advanced by Prince Menschikoff. That envoy is reported to have invoked and claimed the accomplishment of ancient treaties. In order to understand the nature of such demands, it is necessary to remark that the stipulation inserted by Russia in her treaties with the Porte during the last century concerned two different classes of Christians. In the war concluded by the peace of 1774, the arms of the Russians were victorious both by sea and land. They conquered and occupied divers provinces as well as maritime possessions of Turkey. In the negotiation for peace, Russia stipulated to restore several of the provinces which her troops had so occupied; and on the condition of retaining the Crimea, Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, with several of the islands, and some ports in the Morea, were restored.

It was with respect to the provinces from which she thus retired, that Russia stipulated for certain immunities for the Christians — the power to erect their churches and repair them, to elect their patriarchs, to raise their own tribute and send it up to the Porte without the intervention of Turkish tax-gatherers. These were one set of stipulations; but they were confined altogether to the provinces described, and the inhabitants of which might have received, during the term of occupation, promises of Russian protection. But how little Russia pretended to extend such to the Christian subjects of Turkey in general is sufficiently seen from the tenor of the 7th Article of the Treaty (that of Kainardgé), which concerns the Christians and their churches not in the provinces so occupied.\* The stipulations in favor of the Christians of the provinces given back to Turkey are no

\* There is a controversy between the *Univiers* and the *Constitutionnel* about the protection afforded to the Catholics of the Levant by the Royal and Imperial dynasties of France. The *Univiers* sets forth the wonders achieved by the Bourbons. The *Constitutionnel* shows that the protectorate of the Latin monks and shrines in the Holy Land, lost under the Revolution, would have been secured by Napoleon had he not been overthrown, and his diplomatic efforts for the purpose abandoned by the Restoration. The *Constitutionnel* insists that the Royalist government merely protected the Latin monks of the Holy Land and the Latin bishops of the Archipelago, but pretended to no general patronage over the Roman Catholics throughout the East.

\*\* The Sublime Porte promises to protect constantly the Christian religion in all its churches, and consents also that the ministers of the Imperial Court of Russia may make representations to him in favor of a church, to be built at Constantinople, and in favor of the future ministers of this church, and promises to receive their remonstrances, as coming from a respectable person, in the name of a neighboring power sincerely beloved. — Art. 7 of treaty of Kainardgé.

doubt numerous and important, but those were provinces in which the Christians formed almost the entire population; and to extend such stipulations to provinces in which the Christians form a minority would be quite idle on the part of the Porte. For the very concession, supposing the Christian communities to proceed to act upon it, would at once excite a civil war.

It is, however, but too true that the Christians in several parts of the Turkish empire are not treated as they ought to be, both in justice and in policy, by a race so much their superior in number, however inferior by the fate of arms in centuries past. Let the Turks find out some way to grant security and fair treatment. In fact, let them carry out and execute the edict of Gulhane to the full, and the European powers will then have no excuse for allowing Russia to make a pretext of Christian charity and paternity in order to indulge a lust of conquest. The misfortune has been that one power has interfered for the Latins, which, of course, has prompted another to put forth a gigantic claim for the Greeks. The present is the time for a common resolution, a general accord. Catholics must give up twitting Protestants or jostling them at Jerusalem, if they in turn are to save themselves from being trodden down by the Greeks. The condition of the Christian *rayahs* in Turkey ought to be a European concern; and if it be not speedily made such, it will inevitably serve as a pretext for Russian ambition and conquest.

PEACE! fly to heaven; and, righteous War! come down;

Europe sits trembling at a despot's frown.  
O'er provinces and realms behold him stride!  
And seas of blood alone can quench his pride.  
Strike, valiant arm impatient of disgrace,  
And let him die the death of half his race!

May 26.

W. S. LANDOR.

From the Examiner.

### THE DERBY DOCTORS.

Here comes one, serenely unconscious that he is a fool.  
There is one suddenly startled by a suspicion that he knows scarcely anything. . . . There they are! Could they see but this — or he, with eyes like theirs — be stirred with thoughts like theirs — ah, sinking deeper still in reverie — dreamy — delicious! . . . still the hum — the dazzle —  
Gifted one — Up Laureate! Wake! Ay — it is no dream — but radiant reality — Up Laureate, with thy lyre. — *The Lily and the Bee*, by Samuel Warren, F.R.S. pp. 46-51.

THERE is nothing the world is so apt to underrate as the rewards due to first-rate foolishness. "Any blockhead might have written that," is an expression too often applied to what nothing but a blockhead of the most shining parts and the most unremitting application could possibly have pro-

duced. There are blockheads whose follies, like those of Foresight in Congreve's comedy, must have required infinite study, consideration, and caution — caution lest by any chance they should deviate into sense. Johnson had a sound appreciation of such overlooked claims when he described the conversation of old Sheridan. "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature."

So we must be permitted to say of the gentleman whom Lord Derby a few months ago made Recorder of Hull, and whom he proposes next week to make a Doctor of Oxford. It must have taken the Recorder of Hull a great deal of pains to become what we now see him; and why should not industry of this kind, like every other, have its further reward? If Lord Derby is brave enough to set the example, and lucky enough to find Convocation not ashamed to follow it, why should anything but applause to the echo be heard as the red gown of Oxford descends upon the shoulders of Mr. Samuel Warren?

We are happy to present the reader with the very latest public specimen of this gentleman's unrivalled powers. We must premise, by way of explanation, that in Hull a new literary and philosophical society, in which the Recorder took a deep interest, was very lately about to be opened, and of course so distinguished an official was expected to be present; but, as Rousseau absented himself from his mistress that he might think of her and write to her, so on this occasion did the Recorder. In heart, as he tenderly expresses it, he remained at Hull; but in the flesh, he betook himself to the Louvre. He absented himself from the inauguration that he might write to its president the letter which we have now the pleasure to rescue from the obscurity of a provincial journal, to which it appears to have been sent for publication. We print it *literatim*, adding no italics to those of the writer; for what word could be emphasized in it without injustice to every other word it contains?

35 Woburn place, London, 14th May, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR — On the wing of Paris, whence (D.V.) I return next Saturday, I drop you a line to express my hearty wish that the distinguished inauguration of next week may go off splendidly. *In heart I shall be at Hull; in the flesh, probably in the Louvre.*

Think, my dear friends of Hull, where your Recorder may be standing, while you are, in your proper places, giving to high literature and philosophy one more "local habitation and name" upon this globe of ours. The animals cannot do these things; they are born, live, and die, and disappear; but man, created for nobler purposes, and bearing sublimely the image of

his Maker — man alone leaves traces behind him of his potent presence and intellectual actions. Fossil remains exhibit to us no trace of *our* species, but myriads of the animals. When will the animals build a literary and philosophical hall? Never — any more than man can make a star. We are totally and awfully different from the animals — specifically different; and that specific difference it is that is at work in placing on the earth such records of man, as will be seen for, I hope, centuries in Hull, and on which you will be engaged — a noble task — next week.

I think you are very fortunate, indeed, in having the presence of two such distinguished noblemen as the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Londesborough.

Believe me ever, my dear Mr. President,  
Very sincerely yours,  
SAMUEL WARREN.

C. Frost, Esq., F. S. A.

Is not this a masterpiece! Could an "ordinary blockhead" have written this? Have we not in it precisely the excess of what (according to Johnson) "is not in nature," and which therefore may justly be entitled to the privileges of art — of very high art? Viewing the letter, in short, as a study in foolishness, has there been anything to compare with it since the *Lily and the Bee*?

If we descend from this view, however, we must confess ourselves in a difficulty. "The animals cannot do these things," says Mr. Warren, with the pride natural to his achievements — and certainly the animals cannot write as he does; but is it so certain that the inability is the disadvantage? Fossil remains, continues the learned Recorder, exhibit to us no trace of *our* species; but surely an argument derogatory to the animals, based on any such assumption, would be manifestly unfair. Fossil remains are not exclusively of bones, nor always dug out of the earth. We have just printed one of the "remains" which the Recorder of Hull will leave behind him, and will any geologist venture to assert that a more gigantic specimen of the absurd could be produced from before or after the flood? The letter to Mr. Frost is a fossil, if ever there was one.

"When," asks the Recorder, "will the animals build a literary and philosophical hall?" This is a home-thrust; but on the other hand we might ask, when will the animals make the silliest of their species judges over the rest, and when will they invent distinctions to bestow on the least worthy? If they are not sages enough for the one, at least they are not fools enough for the other. They keep in their proper places; and "think, my dear friends of Hull," as Mr. Warren writes, "where your Recorder may be standing, while you are in your proper places," &c.

However, when we contemplate Mr.

Warren in or out of his place — located, as the Yankees say, or, as the geologists would say of any other fossil, *dislocated* — the admission is undoubtedly forced upon us that "we are totally and awfully different from the animals; specifically different; and that specific difference it is that" produces a Warren. Man may be unable, as the Recorder profoundly observes, to "make a star," but the animals are not more able to make a Warren; and which has the advantage in the incapacities the reader must determine. Successive generations of Hull readers would most assuredly cry out for the animals, if it were possible to suppose that the cruel hope expressed to Mr. Frost should by any awful dispensation be brought about, and "such records" (or recorders) "of man be seen for centuries in Hull" as Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole have lately placed on that part of the earth.

Speculating on the scene to be enacted next week in the theatre at Oxford, the *Times* has imagined "Warren at the lower end writing the last lines of the *Lily and the Bee*." With deference to our contemporary this composed attitude is very far from that in which the newly-invested doctor will present himself. In his own astonishing production he has prefigured the scene. All poets are prophets; and Mr. Warren could not groan with such a conception as the *Lily and the Bee* without foreseeing, not dimly, some of its results and rewards. In the following passage, which we quote exactly as we find it in the volume, it is quite evident that the eye of the future Recorder of Hull and Doctor of Oxford, in a fine phrensy rolling, had seen by anticipation the exact part he would play at the Derby Celebration in the venerable university. The ancient ghosts are, as we now perceive, the tutelary deities of Oxford; and the "subverted system" which so sorely amazes them is, of course, the system which is making a doctor of Mr. Samuel Warren. The entire passage, formerly very obscure to us, now lucidly explains itself: —

O, ancient Ghosts!  
Sorely amazed Ghosts!  
With strangely beaming eyes  
Amid subverted systems standing,  
O Ghosts, forlorn, and well amazed —  
— And yet ye surely are majestic ones,  
Living in men's holy memories:  
Thales! Pythagoras! Anaxagoras!  
Socrates! Plato! Aristotle!  
You see me not,  
Trembling in my inner soul,  
So little and so poor,  
You cannot see me —  
Or you might despise  
Me, and some other Little Ones  
Of this our day,  
O! — Away ye! — Into the oppressed, oppressing air,

For Littleness, in Greatness' presence trembling,  
Is perishing. —  
Awful Ghosts, away!

*The Lily and the Bee*, p. 144-5.

Now no one can say that this is not a moving, a harrowing picture; and could the late premier have seen the matter in this light when he gave in the names of his ragged regiment, of his Derby Recorder of Hull, of his Derby Lord of the Treasury, of his Derby Foreign Secretary, of his Derby Colonial Secretary, of his Derby Home Secretary, of his Derby President of the Board of Trade, of his Derby Vice-President of the Board of Trade, of his Derby Postmaster-General, of his Derby Lord Lieutenant, of his Derby Secretary to the Treasury, of his Derby Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and of his Derby idolators in *Blackwood's Magazine* — or, as Mr. Warren pathetically describes the party, of

Me and some other Little Ones —

all of whom are to march with the ex-prime minister and new chancellor through Oxford, and cover their barrenness with red gowns in presence of the "Awful Ghosts" next Wednesday, he would surely *not* have been so cruel. Speaking for Mr. Warren and the other little ones, we might ask him, in the words of the old song, "If you were an ass would you like it yourself?" At the same time it is only just to Lord Derby to add that, apparently not unaware of the danger, he has not left it altogether uncared for. He brings up the rear of his regiment with Forbes Winslow, a physician famous for his treatment of lunatics; and

Shows by that satiric touch  
No party wanted one so much.

We turn in graver mood to a really humiliating consideration connected with this ludicrous affair. It seems hardly creditable that such men as Mr. Macaulay, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Sir Roderick Murchison, and we will add, Mr. Disraeli, should consent to be dragged in such company through the dirt of such a celebration. *Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ scde morantur.* Nevertheless, it is to be tried. The great essayist and historian, the delightful novelist and poet, the scientific investigator, the versatile orator and writer, are announced to take their places on Wednesday side by side with discredited politicians, fifth-rate factious partisans, inflated adulators of the most contemptible administration on record, and the author of the *Lily and the Bee*! It is a terrible sacrifice "pour encourager les autres;" not in the witty sense, but in very sober seriousness.

Rabelais has told us of the lamentable fate of a celebrated giant, whose fare ordinarily was of the most gigantic sort, yet who was miserably choked by a pat of butter swallowed

the wrong way, at the mouth of a hot oven. Much wisdom crieth out in this ancient apologue. Oxford is the hot oven; the compliment of a doctorage in the Derby Company will be the pat of butter swallowed the wrong way; and if Mr. Macaulay, Sir Edward Lytton, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Mr. Disraeli, have yet sense enough to profit by the warning of Rabelais, the unlucky Giant Wide-nostrils will not have been choked in vain.

CRATER OF HECLA. — It was of very irregular form, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent one way — a long chasm some 200 feet deep — and not over 100 yards wide. Some parts of the sides were perpendicular, and smoke was coming out of fissures and crevices in many places. There were several deep snow-banks in it, and, though a region of perpetual fire and brimstone, there has been no eruption from this crater for ages. We rolled some stones down the steep side of the crater, that crashed and thundered to the bottom, and there "kicked up a dust," and were lost in a vast cloud of smoke. The guides now did nothing, without urging, but I was determined, if possible, to go down into the crater. We went to the east end of it, where the descent was most gradual, and on a steep bank of snow, by a process pretty well known to boys as "sliding down hill," we soon found ourselves at the bottom. Rather a ticklish place inside of Hecla's burning crater; but if the lava and smoke proved too warm friends, we could cool off by jumping into a snow-bank. We went through every part of this wonderful pit — now holding our hands in a stream of warm smoke, and again clambering over rocks and standing under arches of snow. The ground under our feet was principally moist earth; the sides of the crater, rock, lava, and in many places loose slags and scoriae. One most remarkable basaltic rock lay near the centre of the crater. It was spherical, nearly as round as a cannon-ball, and about twenty or twenty-five feet in diameter. It lay apparently entirely on the surface of the ground, and though of compact and solid structure, there were small cracks all over it from the twentieth of an inch to a quarter of an inch across. From these cracks, on every side of the rock, smoke and hot steam constantly came out. The ground all round it was moist earth and volcanic sand, and exhibited no signs of heat. Not ten feet from this rock was an abrupt bank of snow, at least twenty feet deep. In one place under it was a crevice in the lava where the heat came out, and it had melted away the snow, forming a beautiful arch some ten feet high. We walked under it, and found streams of clear water running from the snow. — *From an Original Tour in the American Courier.*

"CLAUDIUS," says Suetonius, "had a great taste for gambling, and he made this art the subject of a book. He would play even while travelling; his carriage and play-tables being so arranged that the jolting of the vehicle should not disturb the game."



From the Spectator.

INGLEFIELD'S SUMMER SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.\*

THE voyage of Commander E. A. Inglefield to the Polar Basin was a lucky one. Captain Inglefield started late in the season — on the 4th of July, 1852 — as volunteer commander of a small screw steamer which had been provided by Lady Franklin for a search by Behring's Strait; owing to adverse winds, he arrived still later on the searching-ground; yet he was enabled to push through Smith's Sound into the Polar Basin, reaching the latitude of  $78^{\circ} 28' 21''$  north, and piercing by the eye about a degree further. Instead of the narrow strait which Smith's Sound has usually been thought, Captain Inglefield found it about thirty-six miles across, expanding considerably as it extended northward. The sea was open — that is, free from islands, except one looming in the extreme distance, to which the discoverer gave the name of Louis Napoleon, having received from that personage "very flattering attentions." From appearances, the leader of the expedition considered that he had reached a more genial climate than that of Baffin's Bay; instead of the eternal snow which he had left behind, the rocks appeared of their natural color. There was ice indeed, and in pretty large quantities; some of the mariners conceived they saw an ice-blink to the north; but the chief considered he could steam through. A gale, however, arose, which, increasing in violence, fairly blew them back — perhaps providentially, for they were not well fitted to winter in those high latitudes, with the probability of being held fast for an indefinite time.

It was deemed by every one on board madness to attempt a landing; and thus I was forced to relinquish those desires ere we bore up, which, with the heavy gale that now blew, was the most prudent step I could take. The rest of the 27th and the following day were spent in reaching under snug sail on either tack, whilst the pitiless northerly gale drove the sleet and snow into our faces, and rendered it painful work to watch for the icebergs, that we were continually passing. On this account I could not leave the ship to, as the difficulty of discerning objects rendered it imperative that she should be kept continually under full command of the helm. The temperature,  $25^{\circ}$ , and the continual freezing of the spray as it broke over the vessel, combined with the slippery state of the decks from the sleet that

fell and the ice which formed from the salt water, made all working of ropes and sails not only disagreeable, but almost impracticable; so that I was not sorry when the wind moderated.

By four A. M. of the 29th, it fell almost to a calm; but a heavy swell, the thick fog and mist remaining, precluded our seeing any distance before us; and thus we imperceptibly drew too near the land pack off the western shore, so that a little after Mr. Abernethy had come on deck in the morning watch, I was called up, as he said that the ship was drifting rapidly into the ice. Soon on deck, I found that there was no question on that score; for even now the loose pieces were all round us, and the swell was rapidly lifting the ship further in to the pack, whilst the roar of waters surging on the vast floe-pieces gave us no very pleasant idea of what would be our fate if we were fairly entrapped in this frightful chaos. The whale-boat was lowered, and a feeble effort made to get her head off shore; but still in we went, plunging and surging amongst the crushing masses.

While I was anxiously watching the screw, upon which all our hopes were now centred, I ordered the boiler, which had been under repair, and was partly disconnected, to be rapidly secured, the fires to be lighted, and to get up the steam; in the mean time, the tackles were got up for hoisting out our long-boat, and every preparation was made for the worst. Each man on board knew he was working for his life, and each toiled with his utmost might; ice-anchors were laid out, and hawsers got upon either bow and quarter, to keep the ship from driving further in; but two hours must elapse before we could expect the use of the engine. Eager were the inquiries when *will* the steam be up? and wood and blubber were heaped in the furnace to get up the greatest heat we could command.

At last the engineer reported all was ready; and then, warping the ship's head round to seaward, we screwed ahead with great caution; and at last found ourselves, through God's providence and mercy, relieved from our difficulties. It was a time of the deepest suspense to me; the lives of my men and the success of our expedition depended entirely on the safety of the screw; and thus I watched with intense anxiety the pieces of ice as we drifted slowly past them; and, passing the word to the engineer, "Ease her," "Stop her," till the huge masses dropped into the wake, we succeeded with much difficulty in saving the screw from any serious damage, though the edges of the fan were burnished bright from abrasion against the ice.

Besides penetrating one hundred and forty miles further than previous navigators, and finding an open sea stretching northwards from Baffin's Bay to at least the latitude of  $80^{\circ}$ , Captain Inglefield discovered a strait in about  $77\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  which he named Murchison Strait, and which forms, it is inferred, a northern boundary to Greenland. In addition to the shores of the Polar Basin, he more accurately surveyed the eastern side of Baffin's Bay from Carey's Islands to Cape-

\* A Summer Search for Sir John Franklin; with a Peep into the Polar Basin. By Commander E. A. Inglefield, R. N. With Short Notices by Professor Dickie on the Botany, and by Dr. Sutherland on the Meteorology and Geology; and a New Chart of the Arctic Sea. Published by Harrison.

Alexander, often remaining on deck the four-and-twenty hours round—for night there was none. He entered Jones' Sound, but was stopped by the ice; and Captain Inglefield infers that there is no available channel from the sound into the Polar Basin, though there is possibly some narrow frozen strait; and he draws the conclusion that Franklin must be sought for in the direction of Wellington Channel. Up this opening he found that Sir Edward Belcher had gone when he subsequently reached the North Star, the dépôt vessel of the Admiralty Expedition, at Erebus and Terror Bay. The same luck attended Captain Inglefield in his homeward as in his outward voyage; for skill and determination alone are of small avail against Polar obstacles. In spite of the advancing season, he examined a considerable part of the western coast of Baffin's Bay; and, though sorely beset on more than one occasion, managed to get through, and reached Stromness on the 4th November—exactly four months from the date of his departure from Woolwich.

In speaking of the voyage, the word luck must be used with limitation. Opposed to the commotion of icebergs, or, what is perhaps worse, the *vis inertiae* of an interminable and impenetrable "pack," human resources are powerless. No navigator can make his way without a favorable season; but a favorable season is useless without decision and promptitude to take advantage of opportunity, a resolution to push through difficulties, a judgment to "win the way by yielding to the tide," and a zeal which can triumph over fatigue and exhaustion. These qualities will be found indicated in Captain Inglefield's unaffected narrative of his *autumn* rather than his "summer search." It may also be recommended as a brief, plain and spirited account of an interesting voyage; in which, if there is little that is absolutely new to those acquainted with North Pole literature, there are many striking descriptions—lively incidents at the Danish settlements and with Esquimaux, nautical difficulties, dangers boldly overcome, and a spirit of active hopefulness animating the whole.

Some of the scientific results of the voyage are presented in an appendix; the most popular of which is an essay by Dr. Sutherland, the surgeon of the expedition, and previously engaged in Arctic voyages, on the geology or physical geography of Baffin's Bay. In this paper will be found a very interesting sketch of the origin, launching, voyage, and decomposition of icebergs, with their probable effects upon the shores and bottom of the sea, their means of transporting earthy and animal substances to distant regions, and their use in maintaining the present state of the

world, while assisting in preparing for future continents. We extract some passages.

In Greenland [the glaciers], after descending to the sea through the valleys, they retain their hold of the parturient womb beyond until the buoyant properties of ice come into operation, and then they give birth to icebergs of sometimes inconceivable dimensions. The constant rise and fall of the tide exerts great power in detaching these floating ice-islands. By it a hinge-like action is set up as soon as the glacier comes within its influence, and is carried on although the surface of the sea for many leagues around is covered with one continuous sheet of ice. After summer has set in and advanced somewhat, the surface-ice either drifts or melts away, and we have winds prevailing in a direction contrary to what they had been during the cold season of the year, and the result of these winds is a great influx of water into Davis Straits, causing tides unusual for height at other seasons of the year, and thus setting at liberty whole fields of icebergs, which then commence their slow southward course. In August, 1850, the number set free in a deep fiord, near Omenak, North-east Bay, so occupied the navigable passage out of the harbor at that settlement, that the Danish ship, which had but a month previously entered the harbor with perfect safety, was in danger of being detained for the winter. In the same month of 1852, the whole of the coast southward of Melville Bay to Uppernavik, extending over a space of 180 miles in length, and probably twelve to fifteen in breadth, was rendered perfectly unnavigable by any means whatever; and when we sailed along this portion of the coast, about the middle of the month, we were astounded, not disagreeably, by the constant booming sounds that issued from the whole fields of these wonder-working agents while undergoing their frolicsome revolutions. To me there appeared to be a remarkable change in this locality; for, two years previously, in the months of June and July, a whole fleet of large ships occupied and navigated the very place which now we could no more enter and navigate with the ship than navigate her through the city of London half submerged in the sea, and all the houses tumbling about and butting each other as they would do in an earthquake. At Cape York, this season, in a semicircle of twelve miles, one could count nearly two hundred icebergs, all apparently newly detached from the glacier. And in the top of Wolstenholme Sound, the icebergs that had come off from the three protruding points of the glacier entering it, were so closely planted together that it was not without some difficulty and danger that we advanced among them, although aided by steam.

In addition to such varied materials as we have indicated, this new formation of "till" will contain abundant remains of animals of a much higher order. Of all parts of the ocean, the Polar are those most frequented by the cetacea and the seals. The numbers of the former

are very great, and that of the latter almost beyond comprehension. In the Greenland seas, especially during the months of March and April, in the vicinity of the island of Jan Mayen, I am informed that for hundreds of miles the fields of ice are studded with seals, which in the case of the young ones are so tame as to be approached with a "sealing" club, with which they are killed. The bones of these animals must be strewed plentifully on the bottom; and thus they will become constituents of the growing deposit, if they do not undergo decomposition. It may also contain the enduring remains of other mammalia. Every Arctic traveller is aware of the fact that Polar bears are seen on the ice at a great distance to sea, and quite out of sight of land; and my own experience bears testimony to the fact that not unfrequently they are found swimming in the sea when neither ice nor land is in sight. The Arctic fox, and I believe also the wolf—animals not generally known to take the water—are often set adrift upon the ice, and are thus blown out to sea, where they perish when the ice dissolves, if they have not previously died of starvation; and cases are known, although perhaps not recorded, in which human beings have been blown away from the land upon the ice and were never heard of. Two persons of my knowledge have disappeared in this manner from the coast of West Greenland; one of them, however, reached the opposite side of the straits, where he spent the remainder of his life among his less civilized brethren. And the ships engaged in the whaling on the west side of this strait sometimes have to discharge a deed of humanity by taking up from the drifting flocks a group of natives whose avocations had proved too deceiving to be safe. So much as allusion has not been made to the remains of reindeer, and the other ruminant inhabitants of these regions; for the reason that, I believe, they frequent the ice much less than the others, and consequently are much less liable to be drifted away.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### FURTHER PROOFS OF INTELLIGENCE IN BEES.

M. FELIX DUJARDIN, who, a few years ago, published some interesting observations on the brain of insects, in which the existence of such an organ is, as he believes, an established fact, has since pursued his investigations into the same subject, and has found many noteworthy proofs of intelligence, which confirm his former views. He set up a few bee-hives in his garden, to have the means of following up the inquiry immediately at hand; and with these he noticed a repetition of the well-known fact, that the bees which had been brought from a distance took the usual means to acquaint themselves with the entrance to their new habitations and their site, hovering for some minutes round the opening, with their heads towards it, and gradually extend-

ing their explorations further and further from the spot. One of the hives having become short of food in October, he placed near it a plate filled with lumps of sugar coated with honey and slightly moistened. The bees—attracted, no doubt, by the scent of the honey—came out in swarms, and in less than two hours devoured the whole, thus showing that they were perfectly well aware of its presence. As M. Dujardin relates in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, "They soon accustomed themselves so well to associate the idea of my person and dress with the idea of this too speedily exhausted daily provender, that if I walked in the garden at thirty or forty yards from the hive, eight or ten of them would come and hover around me, settle on my clothes and hands, and crawl over them in remarkable excitement." The bees of the neighbor hive, however, made the discovery also, and fierce were the combats that arose between the two parties, and numerous the slain; and the war could only be prevented by putting the food out of sight of the hive for which it was not intended, and withholding the honey, so as to get rid of the attractive scent.

One day, while on the watch, M. Dujardin saw a bee alight on some sugar placed on an ant-hill at a considerable distance from the hive. After eating a small portion, the creature flew away to the hive, and returned a few minutes later, accompanied by a number of other bees, when the whole troop began to devour the sugar. This remarkable fact led M. Dujardin to try what he believes to be a conclusive experiment as to the reasoning faculty in bees.

In a wall about twenty yards from the hives a small opening had been left, which was concealed by a trellis and numerous climbing-plants. A saucer containing slightly moistened sugar was placed in this opening one day in November, and a bee from one of the hives, having been allured by presenting honey to it on a small stick, was carried to the sugar. It began to eat, and continued for five or six minutes; then, having buzzed about for some time in the opening, and on the outside, with its head towards the entrance, as though to reconnoitre, it flew away.

A quarter of an hour passed; after which bees came from the hive, to the number of thirty, exploring the locality, the situation of which must have been indicated to them, as there was no scent of honey to attract or guide them. These, in turn, verified the marks by which they would be enabled again to find the much-prized spot, or to point it out to others; and from this time, day after day, bees continued to travel from the hive to the sugar, the latter being renewed as fast as consumed. Not a single bee, however, came from the other hive; the occupants of this

flew hither and thither as usual, while the bees which had first been made acquainted with the presence of the sugar in the wall, flew directly from the hive to the opening. This fact was fully established.

If the sugar became dry by the evaporation of the moisture or syrup, the bees treated it with perfect indifference, as though it were no more to them than lumps of earth. Now and then, one of the number would visit the spot, apparently to examine the state of the sugar. If still dry, it was left untouched; but if it had been moistened in the interval, the explorer hastened at once to the hive, and quickly returned followed by other bees.

The experiment which had thus succeeded so well with the first hive, was little better than a failure with the second, owing to its being well stocked with honey—the bees did not want food, and but a few visited the sugar. “Nevertheless,” as M. Dujardin says, “the complete success, in the first instance, of an experiment so easily repeated, leaves no doubt as to the faculty which bees possess of transmitting very complex indications by corresponding signs.”

Another interesting fact brought out by these experiments exemplifies the use of a reasoning power. Bees, as is well known, make much use of *propolis*, or bee-bread, in their household economy. Of this substance, the agglutinative quality is the only one essential to it; and if we find bees making use of another substance of similar qualities, we shall know that they take no account of scent or savor—that is, in so far as the *propolis* is concerned—and we are led to recognize a reasoning principle. The *propolis* is used to stop joints and crevices on the inside of the hive, and is the viscous substance generally taken from the buds of plants. “But one day,” says M. Dujardin, “I saw the bees collecting small particles of white paint from a hive which had been newly painted and left to dry. I had been surprised for some days to see the creatures going home laden with a white substance between their thighs, and at length discovered them detaching small fragments from the paint, with which, after filling their receptacles, they flew to the hive. The operation was so slowly performed as to be easily seen and perfectly understood; and it is clear that the bees, finding a viscous substance within reach, used it irrespectively of its other properties.”

When bees return laden with pollen, they are extremely eager to rush into the hive; but M. Dujardin has stopped one so burdened at the entrance, and the creature, after appearing to be puzzled for a short time, flew away to a second entrance at the side of the hive, thus evidently exchanging one idea for another. He states, too, that a stolen hive, which had been put away in a loft of the

Court of Justice at Rennes, was found to be in full activity some months afterwards, when wanted for purposes of evidence; and the bees made their way in and out by a small opening in the roof, which they had learned to distinguish from a thousand others; an additional instance of their susceptibility of individual impressions. This marvellous memory of localities is observed also in mammals and migratory birds. Savages, too, possess it; but the faculty grows weaker in man in proportion as he devotes himself to study.

In the words of M. Dujardin: “This is not simply an individual impression, an image of the locality preserved in the brain of the bee; the impression, indeed, exists; but at the same time that it serves to guide the insect in its return, it becomes for it the motive of indications to be transmitted by signs or otherwise, which could not be the case if we do not accord to the creature a faculty of abstraction; for the indications are sufficient to awaken in the bees to which they are transmitted the same impressions that the actual sight of sugar or other objects has excited in the first discoverers.”

Besides bee-hives, M. Dujardin has artificial ant-hills in different parts of his house and garden, in which he keeps nine species of ants under continual observation. He finds them not less apt than the bees to communicate impressions either of unexpected booty or sudden difficulties.

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AN unusual amount of theatrical interest attaches to the production at the Princess' of Byron's “Sardanapalus,” with those remarkable scenic illustrations which till the present day could not have been supplied. “It was,” says Mr. Charles Kean, “during the latest excavations made by Mr. Layard, in the south-east palace of the mount of Nimroud, that our illustrious countryman arrived at the conclusion that this interesting structure was the work of the son of Esar-haddon, who was himself the son of Sennacherib, so famous in sacred history. Although, says Mr. Layard, no part of the history of this royal builder has been as yet recovered, yet there is every reason to believe that this son of Esar-haddon was no other than the Sardanapalus who, conquered by the Medes and Babylonians, under Cyaxares (B. C. 606), made one funeral pile of his palace, his wealth and his wives.”—A most ancient and long-buried page of history will, by means of this representation, be brought into strong and vivid light—and Mr. Layard has taken anxious care that the text shall be properly produced in this stage illustrated edition. The play of Byron pays back what it borrows from this illustration in the act of borrowing—for, but for this fine drama, we know not where Mr. Kean would have found a medium by means of which to transport his audiences into the heart of the exhumed Assyria.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE HERMIT OF ST. PAUL'S.

## A TALE OF THE SEA.

By virtue of our *press-warrant* we propose to transport the courteous reader's imagination on board an English sloop of war. But in so doing we disclaim all further interference with his freedom. We will leave him in perfect liberty to roam about her decks, while we merely draw his attention to her "whereabouts." He will observe, then, that she is skimming along before a steady breeze, well down in the southern latitudes of the great Indian Ocean; that the quarter-master has just *made* it six bells in the middle watch, and which, being translated into shore-going time, tallies with three o'clock in the morning, and, as it happened on this occasion to be, about an hour before sunrise. Not a sound breaks the monotonous roll of the sea, save an occasional "Steady, boy!—stea-dy!" from the quarter-master, to which a juvenile, of about fifty, at the wheel, with the quid side of his cheek as big as a cobbler's lapstone, echoes, "Steady it is—stea-dy—ah!" in tones deep enough for the bass notes of an organ. Aft, on the poop, the officer of the watch is lounging away the time in solitude, while, down in the waist, knots of men are lolling about, luxuriating in the cool of the early dawn, secure for a brief period from the scorching rays of a *December's* sun. On the fore-castle a confused group of the best hands in the ship are nestled round a tough old Triton, some lying on the deck, others on gun-carriages and spars, or stowed away, as sailors only can stow themselves away, in coils of rope. The breeze is steady, and, as we are at the antipodes of course, we naturally expect to find, not only the seasons, but everything else, reversed. Accordingly the wind, which in England is proverbially fickle, becomes in those happy climes a symbol of constancy, to which a lover may compare his mistress, and convey a compliment by the comparison. This fact appears to be well understood on board the sloop, for neither officers nor men seem to be solicitous about the weather, but have surrendered themselves up to "taking it easy" for the remainder of the watch. Two keen-eyed topmen, however, are perched on the fore and maintop-gallant yards, peering into the gloom as though some anticipated event was expected with the early streak of dawn, and, as will appear, the cause of their vigilance, occupied the thoughts of the watch on deck as well as the "look-out" aloft.

"Come, come, Ben," said a brisk young topman to the old Triton before alluded to, "overhaul your news-bag, old boy; tell us summat about this queer island we're a run-

ning for. Is it true you've touched there afore, eh?"

"True enough, mate," replied Ben.

"Let's see," chimed in the captain of the fore-castle: "how do they call the outlandish place?"

"St. Paul's."

"Ah! St. Paul's. It's a rum berth for a ship to run for, I'm told."

"I b'lieve ye," replied old Ben. "Once put toe and heel ashore there, and you've logg'd the fact in your mem'ry for the rest o' the cruise, I'll warrant ye."

"Deed!" said two or three listeners, gradually drawing within earshot.

"There's two islands, ain't there, Ben?"

"Yes; 'bout twenty mile apart."

"And no other land near?"

"Not for thousands o' miles," replied the veteran.

"Well, but Ben," continued the young topman, "did n't you fall in with a rum sort of customer when you landed there? Come, come, tell us all about it," said he impatiently, "or else the look-out at the mast-head will report the island in sight afore you've had time to ball off your yarn."

"It's no yarn I'm 'bout to spin," replied old Ben; "leastways you may call it a yarn, if ye like, but 'member, every strand in it is laid in truth; true as the log; and the log, ye know, never lies."

"Well, well, we know that," replied half-a-dozen voices; "go on."

Old Ben continued. "You see, it's now about four year ago, that I signed articles in a Botany-bay-man, bound for Sydney. On our run out, our barkey and her consort sighted these very islands we're now runnin' down upon, for the same purpose as brings us among 'em."

"And what's that, Ben?"

"Why, to c'rect our chronometers, to be sure," he continued. "Ye see, they're sometimes sighted by vessels for that reason, and by ships bound to the Australian ports. Howsomer, the captains o' our two craft never could agree about their blessed time-keepers, so they determined to make the nearest land to set their selves right, get a cargo of fresh vegetables and a live pig or two into the bargain. Well, in course, if ye keep a bright look-out, you may find the sea-serpent in time, and, at last, we made this bit of a island of St. Paul's, and drops our anchors, on its easternmost side, in a gritty sort o' black sand, as like wet gunpowder as one marine's like another."

"And did you go ashore, Ben? Eh?"

"In coorse, mate, I did. There was the first and second cutters, and the jolly-boat; and I was capt'n's cox'sun. My eyes! I 'members the fun we had a pullin' ashore,

right through shoals o' seals and thrashers, for a 'ticing sort o' bay. There, I tells ye what it is, my lads, the view o' that bay, or lagoon, or whatever they calls it, is the most surprisin' in all creation. It reg'larly takes a fellar's breath away, like the sight o' Bet Sponson in full togg on the sunny side o' the common hard at Portsmouth. I've cruised in all parts o' this mortal earth," continued he, elevating his arm to give additional force to his remarks, "seen the Bay o' Naples, Sandy Hook, the Golden Horn, and all sich like show-shops, but they're no more to be compared to the lagoon we're a talkin' about than a Jew's-eye is to a dubble piece o' pork."

"What you means for beauty, I s'pose!" said the young topman.

"Sartingly, and for cur'osity too," added the old man.

"How big's your wonderful bay, eh, Ben?"

"Well, I tells ye, it ain't exactly a bay," replied the veteran, "for it's as round as the drum-head of a capstan, leavin' only a bit of a openin' 'bout pistol-shot wide next the sea. But fort'nately we'd a doctor aboard, one o' the 'cutest fellars in the world. Lor' bless ye, he'd still 'baccey or rum in a minit, out of any pison in his medicine chest, and bring a chap to life whenever he liked; and he and the captain 'greed that this here bay or lagoon was the crater of a burnt-out volcano; and it's likely they're right, for though it's at least three miles round and thirty fathom deep, yet the water near the shore o' the lagoon reg'larly biles, and steams away like the galley coppers on peasoup day."

"Capital mermaid's bath," said one of the seamen.

"Precious soon made lobscouse of 'em," said Ben. "Don't I tell ye, the sea's hot enough to blister a wooden leg within twenty yards o' the shore, and yet — it's as cool as an iceberg a couple o' boats-length further off from the land."

"No fish there, then, I s'pose!" asked the topman.

"Never seed such a place for fish in all my life — ketch 'em without bait, too — why, they'll run after a bit o' red rag as keen as a girl will run after a so'ger; we filled our jolly-boat with all sorts and sizes o' the hand-somest rock-fish, with nothing but strips cut off the corners of a red ensign twisted round our hooks."

"What, they'd got used to live in biling water, I s'pose!" said the topman, jeering.

"Not exactly," replied Ben.

"Thought the sea was hot enough to cook a mermaid; why, Ben — hallo! small helm Bo — don't work to wind'ard o' truth, old boy."

"Don't mean to," replied the veteran coolly; "nevertheless, we biled our fish in

the hot sea-water, and that, too, without takin' them off the hook. Ah! I tells ye, St. Paul's is a queer sort of a place. It's strange fishin'-ground where a fellar can stand in the bow of a jolly-boat and ketch fish in cold water, and then, by merely sluicing hisself round, drop 'em into bilin' water and cook 'em."

"In coorse, Ben, you did n't forget to peep into the koker-nuts ashore!" demanded the topman with a sly look.

"Peep into the koker-nuts!" said Ben, puzzled at such a question. "Whar for?"

"Why, ye see, mate, I did n't know what might happen in such a strange country, so I thought p'raps the same fires as cooked your fish, might a' simmered the milk in the koker-nuts into slapup melted butter, that's all."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the group of seamen in chorus.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said old Ben, mocking, "why, ye d—ned grinnin' hy-he-nahs, every word's as true as the sloop's log — only wait till we make the land, and I'll prove it, or forfeit a week's grog;\* 'sides, a man that would play fast and loose with Dame Nature, and make her keep a false reck'nin', is n't fit to be trusted with a sight of her beauties."

"Well — well," said the laughing seamen, but still evidently disbelieving the old man. "Go on — go on."

Ben gave a severe gripe at his quid, and proceeded. "After our feast in the crater, we scrambled up the sides of the volcano and gained the top of the land, where we found patches o' verdure, mingled with jagged lumps o' rock, and groves o' palms; and, high over head, there was acres of sea-birds, screamin' and wheelin' about, and these was the only signs o' life about the place. But the sight that won all our hearts was the view lookin' down into the crater we'd just left. You might 'a' fancied 't was a large green bowl, with one of its sides chipped off, and through this opening the sea had run in and half filled it with water, that glistened in the sun, and looked as moist and bright as a widow's eye. Then it was so calm and transparent, that the rocks and cliffs, the groves of palms, and the sky that was the color o' blue steel, and looked as hard, was reflected on its smooth surface with all the truth of a mirror. Well, I don't know," continued the old seaman, with considerable feeling, "but, somehow, I could fancy the landscape had features, that looked solitary and sad, as if it mourned the desolation of the fires that had spread such havoc about."

"Well, my lads," continued Ben, after

\* If the reader should feel disposed to doubt the veracity of the old tar, we beg to refer him to Horsburgh's sailing directory to the East for a description of this remarkable lagoon.

delivering himself of his bit of sentiment; "we did n't get away from this pleasant spot without a sigh, but, of course, when the order was given, 't was obeyed; so we separated into two divisions to explore the island, pick scurvy-grass, fresh vegetables, and shoot pigs."

"Shoot pigs!" cried the topman, "come, none o' your gammon, Ben—why, where could they come from?"

"Turned adrift by Capt. Cook, I b'lieve, to feed any poor devils that might chance to be wrecked upon the island. Well, we found plenty, for they 'd multiplied wonderfully, and gave us lots o' fun. Only fancy twenty or thirty sailors sent ashore anywhere after a long cruise, and you 'reartin' to have a nitty. But just s'pose 'em on an uninhabited island, half sprung with grog, free from the control of their officers, and out a pig-shootin'."

"What, you 'd guns, then?" said the topman.

"We 'd all sorts o' weapons, rusty ship's muskets, old pistols, and cutlasses," replied Ben. "Well, away we goes, swellin' and lolloping about, poppin' at a pig 'here, and slashin' at another there, as they darted out of their hidin'-places. Presently somebody wounds a hog p'r'aps, and away he scampers, squealin' with the lungs o' forty bo'suns, and cuttin' for his life to a hole in the rocks, or else into a tope of palms, with a couple o' sailors holding on by the slack of his slippery tail—the pig pullin' for his life, and Jack pullin' for his dinner, and all three every now and then swearin', and gruntin', and pitchin', and rollin' over one another, like so'gers in a breeze. For, mind, it's no joke shootin' a hog, ticklarly a wild 'un. You must knock him over, as dead as a herring, or else you don't bag him. No, no, he's clean gone if he's only a leg left, I can tell ye. Into the rocks he bolts, and you might as well whistle a jig to a milestone as try to get him out."

"Well, mates, this sort o' sport melted away the time as fast as the sun does butter upon the Guinea Coast, so that, by about noon, we found ourselves broilin' along under a load o' game, about the centre of the island, and then we got 'tangled in a stony pass, where Dame Nature had sartinly been trying her hand at a game o' nine-pins, for the rocks are just like skittles. Howsomever, it was a wild sort of a place, and we played Tom Cox's traverse, and lost and found ourselves a dozen times, before we entered the open country again, and then what d'ye think was the first thing we seed?"

"A mermaid, p'r'aps, out for a stroll," said the topman.

"No," said Ben.

"What was it, then, eh?"

"A man," replied the veteran.

"Only a man!" ejaculated the topman, evidently disappointed.

"Only a man!" echoed Ben, "why, who'd 'a thought of findin' one in a solitary island like St. Paul's, eh? and, what's more strange, that he should 'a tried to shun a meetin', for he 'd 'a slipped his cable and run if he could; but, you see, that was onpossible, because we 'd a clear view afore us right away to the sea, and we was between him and the only hidin'-place at hand, the rocky defile, through which, as it afterwards turned out, we 'd driven him. Well, you may be sure, that finding a man on a bit of a oninhabited island, kicked up a precious bobbey, and we asked him as many questions in a minnit, as would 'a took an hour to answer."

"What countryman was he, then?" inquired the captain of the forecabin.

"An Englishman; he 'd been left there to catch seals, by a whaler, and he was to be called for on the ship's return to Europe, after she 'd fished for a year or two in the Pacific. He 'd been there four years when we found him."

"And all alone, eh?"

"Not at first," replied Ben, "he 'd one companion."

"And he died, I s'pose?" said the topman; "how lonely for the survivor!"

"You 're wide o' the truth; but p'r'aps," continued Ben, musing, "you would n't guess in a blue moon what become of him."

"Tried to escape, p'r'aps, and was lost," said one.

"Boiled himself to death in the crater," said another.

"No," said Ben slowly. "Ah! you 'd never guess, so here's tell ye—they could n't agree."

"What, and so liv'd on different parts o' the island?"

"Bless yer heart, no," continued Ben, "each man must have a whole island to hisself, so after a reg'lar fight one mornin', with knives, down on the shores of the lagoon, when they both lay stabbed and helpless, they determined to separate for the future, and to settle which should emigrate hisself to the neighboring isle of Amsterdam; they tossed up and our friend won, and his mate, true as steel, took the boat left 'em by the whaler, and sailed for his new home, and he 'd never heard on him from that hour."

"Can't think what they could 'a fought about."

"Well, you see," replied the old seaman, "the yarn he spun to us was, that soon after the ship had left 'em on the island, they quarrelled about the division o' the seal-skins they 'd took, and our hermit said he went in fear of his life, for he 'd found his mate on two or three occasions creeping into his hut,

with the intention, as he thought, of murdering him in his sleep."

"But what should he murder him for!"

"Well, 't was s'posed he intended to claim the whole of the skins as his own, when the ship called for 'em on her homeward vi'age. Dead men tell no tales, you know, and in course he could 'a made his story good to the captain. Be that as it may, however, the suspicion was unbearable; they felt that neither was safe; if they met they scowled and passed in silence, for it appeared they was afraid of one another, and so they was obliged to sleep as cunning as foxes, in hollows, thickets, and caves, and out-of-the-way places, never letting their secret haunts be known, for if one had ketched t'other asleep, he 'd never waked again."

"I should 'a thought they would have lived together for the sake of company," said the topman.

"Ah!" said Ben, "so should I; but there's no 'counting for taste, ye know—'sides, it's my 'pinion that neither on 'em was much good. You may be sartin, the captain of the whaler didn't part with the best hands in his ship—p'r'aps they was a couple of mutinous fellars, and left there on purpose to get rid of 'em. But solitude suited him, for, long as he 'd been without society, he didn't wish to meet us. He 'd seen us heave in sight, make for the land, drop our anchor, send boats ashore, land in the lagoon, climb up the sides of the crater, scour the island a pig-shootin', and retreated before us into the rocky defile, where we found him."

"But how did he live?"

"Live!" replied Ben, "very well. Is n't the lagoon chock full o' fish?"

"And then the billing water's always laid on at the main," said the topman.

"Sides there's wild hogs, koker-nuts, and vegetables. Ah!" continued Ben, luxuriously sucking his quid, "a fellow might 'a been as happy there as a troop o' monkeys in a nut-grove, with a few companions of the right sort. But I tell ye, mates, it's my 'pinion a chap must 'a had some reason for shunnin' his species, if he could 'a shut himself up in such a reg'lar-built Paradise as St. Paul's, without wishing to share it with another."

"True, mate; but I s'pose you humored him and left him there," said the topman.

"Why, yes," said Ben, "he would n't come away."

"P'r'aps he's there now," said one of the seamen.

"Like enough," replied the old tar, "for though the islands are often sighted they're seldom landed on, and it's my belief the captain of the whaler never meant to call for him, after being away for four years. But we shan't be long in suspense, for here comes the

morning sun, and the sloop's a flying through the water like a dolphin."

"Land ho!" bawled the look-out on the foretop-gallant-yard.

"Land ho!" shouted the man at the main.

"There now," said Ben, "our chronometers could n't 'a been far from right, for the island was due 'cording to our reck'nin' by sunrise, and there's St. Paul's, sure enough, broad off upon the lee bow."

"Fo'k'sel there!" hailed the officer of the watch.

"Sir."

"Shorten sail for'ard."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The necessary duties of the vessel now called forth the exertions of old Ben and his auditory, and as the sun rose in splendid majesty the beautiful sloop moved rapidly towards the two islands, which, like twin giants, seemed to rise out of the ocean, rearing their lofty heads far above the turbulent billows that surround them. The vessel's canvas was soon reduced to that handy condition best suited for working into an anchorage, into which she was steered by Ben, the lead bringing up from the bottom the singular black sand, like wet gunpowder, which he decided upon as being the proper holding ground.

The cutters were soon lowered and the lagoon entered, and we confess it was with a strange medley of surprise, curiosity, and animal gratification, that we caught the delicious fish of the crater from the bow of our boat, and then, by merely walking aft, selected our own fish-kettle in the boiling sea, and cooked them, woodcock fashion, with the *trail* dangling from the hook. Old Ben now had the laugh all his own way, and many a greenhorn repeated the experiment again and again to satisfy himself of the truth of his statement, and his own appetite into the bargain.

While thus busily occupied we had but little leisure to admire the sublime but melancholy grandeur of the place, but gradually its beauty and singularity forced itself upon the attention of the most indifferent observer. It was impossible to behold the vast rotund form of the crater, its towering concave cliffs, the seething of the sea, and to detect the sort of *no-fishes-water*, where it was neither hot nor cold, without feeling that such a combination of grand and curious phenomena are not to be readily found. Under any circumstances, even in torpid Iceland, such a scene would be full of interest, but when lit up by the brilliancy of the sun, in this beautiful climate, flashing through the feathery foliage of the palms; which, like warriors' plumes, bent gracefully before the passing breeze, it receives an additional charm that no pen can describe. Neither must that soft babblers, the wind, be



forgotten, with its cool murmurings, as it gently ruffles the surface of the water in the crater, nor the brilliant intensity of the hues of the myriads of fish of every size and form that floated literally in crystal beneath. To these must be added the charm of primeval solitude, solemn and unbroken, which, although producing a feeling akin to melancholy, yet cannot prevent one's regretting that so much exquisite beauty should be placed in a quarter of the world so remote from the abodes of civilized man.

And now hurrah for the Hermit's Cave! Old Ben knew the way, and leaping ashore on the beach of the lagoon our party followed him. A few steps through a clump of palms growing on the starboard hand of the crater brought us to a natural cavity in the cliff; its aperture was curtained with the tattered remnant of an old sail, that flapped about loosely in the wind. With some hesitation we drew it aside and discovered that the hermit was not within, and that he appeared to have deserted it for some time. A bit of rotten rope, a rude-shaped seal-skin jacket, a fragment of a net, a rusty ship's musket, and a few rushes that had served the recluse for a bed, were evidences that he had once chosen the spot for his home. But now we concluded that he had grown tired of his solitary existence and found means to quit the island, which, strange to say, was a disappointment to many. We consoled ourselves, however, by rambling about, shooting pigs, picking up geological specimens, bottling off some of the boiling sea-water, and indeed in using up the brief space of time allowed us for our land cruise after the most approved nautical fashion.

In the midst of our mirth, the attention of our party was directed to something fluttering down upon the sea-beach. At first it was mistaken for the flapping of some sea-bird's wing, but a glance through a "Dollond" soon settled the matter. It was a piece of canvas fastened to a pole. To seamen this was enough—a signal of some sort; and as the distance was not more than half-a-mile, the whole party, actuated by one common impulse, moved towards it. Some news of the hermit, no doubt—shifted his quarters perhaps—found the cave in the crater too hot in the summer, and so moved more into the

sea-breeze. Yet, it was not his habit to court observation, for he was known to be a misanthrope. But the mystery was speedily explained.

As we approached the spot we saw some object lying at the foot of the signal-staff. Presently it moved, raised its head, surveyed us for an instant, and then shuffled itself along down the sloping rock upon which it was lying and plunged into the sea. Its movements were so sudden, and altogether so singular, that at first it was impossible to say what it was, and it was only after three or four more little round bullet-heads were raised, followed by the same sort of alarmed shuffling gait and plunges into the sea, that we discovered them to be so many large seals that we had disturbed while basking in the sun.

But yet there still remains a seal at the foot of the staff, and even though we approach it continues motionless. We come even closer, but it lies there still. There can be no mistake, for we can detect the peculiar color of its fur. One of the party raises his musket to his shoulder—he hesitates—why does not the man fire? He lowers his piece, and walks straight up to the object, having conjectured during the momentary glance, while taking aim, that it looked human. It turned out to be so. It was the hermit of the crater, in a seal-skin dress; but he was dead, reduced to a mere skeleton and rotting in the sun.

A sailor soon read the meaning of the bit of canvas tied to the staff; it told him of some calamity, sickness perhaps, overtaking the poor solitary, and that here he had crawled in his hour of distress. A nautical eye readily detected also that the shelving rock upon which we found the hermit's bones was a prominent one, and placed upon the side of the island upon which ships generally pass. His only hope consisted in the chance of attracting the attention of some passing vessel. Here he had with his dying efforts raised his signal, sighed his last sigh, and died a death that sickens the mind to dwell upon. And here, too, just out of the reach of the sweep of the breakers, a rude grave was hastily scooped by the silent mariners, and the few bony fragments that were left of the Hermit of St. Paul's were buried in it.

*The Slave-Trade, Domestic and Foreign; Why it Exists, and How it may be Extinguished.* By H. C. Carey, Author of "Principles of Political Economy," &c.

An exhaustive, cumbersome, and somewhat crotchety book, by the well-known and peculiar American economist. Slavery all over the world, in its history, growth, and extinction, natural or forcible, is the theme of Mr. Carey; with a pretty wide extension of the term "slavery"—

for we have the thing, it seems, in Portugal, Scotland, Ireland, and England, to say nothing of Northern Europe. Mr. Carey's panacea for slavery everywhere is, of course, to follow out his prescription, based on certain of his economical views already given to the world; the essence of the prescription appears to consist in the revival of a vigorous protection—high prices and home consumption—every country for itself.—*Spectator.*

From the Spectator, 11th June.

### THE DARDANELLES AND THE SOUND.

It has been the fashion of late years, at least in the higher circles of English society, to talk of the wisdom and moderation of the Emperor of Russia, and to regard him as the man in whose hands lay the destinies of Europe for peace or war, and who upon the whole used the boundless influence belonging to this situation in the interests of peace and order. The Emperor of Russia has, we believe, raised this reputation for himself upon the somewhat singular basis of the popular fear, distrust, suspicion, and dislike, entertained by Englishmen towards his person and his policy; and, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, the superstructure rises not unnaturally from the foundation. There is a marked disposition in cultivated men to disbelieve in extremes of human character; the greater the experience of life the less such men incline to credit the existence of monsters of goodness or badness—a tendency which finds homely expression in the proverb that the devil is not so black as he is painted. The uninformed public did create such a monster in the terrestrial Nicholas; and the mere reaction against this feeling has gone so far, that a short time ago he might have been called without exaggeration the most respected monarch of the Continent. Then, again, the imaginations of men have been impressed with the reality of this king—the seeming strong foundations of his power—when all other symbols of kingship and all manifestations of kingly strength were palpably empty and unsound. The Emperor of Russia stood there believing in himself, and believed in by others, no phantom-king, but a leader of men, with resolute will and profound sagacity. It was patent to all that he really held in his hand peace and war; it was believed that the policy of all Europe except France and England was dictated from St. Petersburg; and it is not without belief that the present Ambassador of England in Turkey was prevented last year from serving his queen as foreign minister by the declared opposition of Russia to the choice. A man whose power was so real, so various, so extensive, could not but impress the imagination; and we soon admire and do homage to whatever strikes the imagination. And it cannot be denied, that with all this power in his hands, the Emperor of Russia has abstained from using it openly to the aggrandizement of himself, or to any material alteration of the existing arrangements of Europe. Cracow and Hungary are exceptional cases; and criminal as is the dismemberment of a guaranteed republic and the forcible repression of a victorious people, other motives than selfish ambition

might be found for the conduct of Russia in both cases.

But the mask of moderation, worn so long and so successfully, has been suddenly thrown aside, and all Europe is outraged by the insulting and menacing tone adopted towards a state whose independence is under the guarantee of the Great Powers. A Russian army is concentrated near Constantinople, to give significance to the bullying attitude of the ambassador. If war be made, it will have been made with less justification, and on a more puerile pretext than, we are bold to say, modern European history can furnish any parallel to. But whether the emperor draw back or not is little to the purpose. He has shown his animus, and a retraction will simply amount to an avowal that he overcalculated the effect of the causes of disunion existing among the great European Powers, and probably long fomented by his agents. Doubtless he did not imagine, that, even in presence of a common peril to the dignity and interest of all three, England, Austria, and France, could overcome recent motives of suspicion, and cordially unite in policy and action. He is mistaken; and he is between the difficulties of proceeding against united Europe, or of offending by disavowal of his ambassador's proceedings one of his most powerful subjects, or of backing out of his demands to the loss of personal dignity. But, end as it may, the ambition and recklessness of Russia are again manifest to the world; and the lesson to be impressed is the renewal of the old distrust, and a reawakening of vigilance in all transactions in which we may be concerned with Russia, or in which our interests and the interests of the European community may come into collision with Russian projects. No man who thinks at all can hesitate as to the peril to which a Russian possession of Constantinople would expose English interests, and the general balance of European power; and we are certainly as deeply interested as any European state in endeavoring to prevent, even by the last resort, such a contingency. But England is much more interested in the power that is to hold the keys of the Baltic, the mouth of the Elbe, and the harbor of Kiel; and in the light of present events on the Dardanelles, we cannot but regard future contingencies in the Sound as deserving of more attention than they have recently met with from the English public, and as by no means satisfactorily disposed of by the answers Lord Beaumont obtained last Friday, or by the treaty of the 8th May, 1852.

We are not going into the genealogical and legal mazes of the Schleswig-Holstein question. Enough is stated for the English public in repeating that the treaty of May, 1852,

guarantees the succession of the entire Danish kingdom, on the approaching extinction of the male line of Denmark, to Prince Christian of Glücksburg and his issue by Louisa of Hesse, niece of the late and cousin of the present King of Denmark. Russia is a party to this treaty, and the emperor has renewed in favor of Prince Christian and his issue the renunciation made by the Emperor Paul of a portion of the Duchy of Holstein that would revert to him on failure of the male line in Denmark. It is this renunciation that Lords Clarendon and Malmesbury lay so much stress upon in their replies to Lord Beaumont. Russia might have claimed her territory in Holstein, and she has given it up—what better proof of disinterested desire for the peace of Denmark and the tranquillity of Europe! Perhaps the public will estimate the disinterestedness of Russia less highly when it learns that by this same treaty twenty persons are passed over whose rights intervened between the Danish crown and the Russian royal family as descended from Duke Adolph of Gottorp; by which means Russia's heirship general to the Danish crown becomes a far more valuable reversion, while in the mean time she consolidates and confirms her influence in Denmark by a seeming act of generosity, and by being a party to the guarantee. What is really important is, that, after the precedent of the treaty of Utrecht, an absolute renunciation should be obtained from the Emperor of Russia, for himself and his descendants, of all claim to the Danish crown—a stipulation guaranteed by all the powers of Europe that the already gigantic power of Russia shall not be rendered more dangerous to Europe than at present by the possession of Denmark and the Duchies, and with them the power of closing the Baltic and of passing thence at pleasure. It may be said that it will be time to raise this question when the realization of Russia's reversion is imminent. We reply, in the first place, that this treaty of May, 1852, renders it more imminent by the removal of twenty competitors; and that were it a more remote and impossible event than it appears to us at all prudent to regard it, it would yet be incumbent on that Europe which thought years of bloody and expensive conflict not too high a price to pay for the permanent severance of the crowns of France and Spain, to take such precautionary measures as may prevent the necessity in a similar case of having recourse to similar means. We take for granted that Europe never will submit to see Denmark united to the crown of Russia, as we know that England could not submit to it without endangering her commerce, her honor, and her very national existence. Why, then, should not the opportunity of a new settlement of the Danish crown have been made

the occasion of embodying in the public law of Europe a satisfactory guarantee on this most important point? Why, indeed, except that Russian diplomacy is more able, and English diplomacy more stupid, than that of any other great country! We trust that this question will not be allowed to rest, and that members of both Houses will refuse to be put off by the unsatisfactory refusal of ministers to give publicity to the important correspondence that motivated the treaty. The affair is not settled, as Lord Clarendon superciliously stated. The Danish Diet has refused to sanction the settlement, and has been dissolved in consequence. A new Diet is in course of election, and may chance to be equally refractory. In any case, the Duchies are not represented in the Danish Diet, and they will only submit to the proposed arrangement if overborne by force, or menaced with the compulsion of the powers that are parties to the treaty of May: they might resist Denmark, but must of course yield to banded Europe. Will England be a party to forcing her diplomatic arrangements upon a reluctant people, and that to subserve the ambition and intrigues of Russia? If the government should be so disposed, will the House of Commons, little interest as it generally takes in foreign affairs, submit to have the power and influence of our country so abused? The question is not one which concerns merely the pretensions of foreign royal families, but the vital interests of the English nation.

DE QUINCEY, the English Opium-Eater, is a Manchester man, though from Manchester and all that pertains to it, materially and intellectually, multifarious influences have long separated him. His home (and Christopher North's) is now in fair Lasswade, by the flowing Esk, where, the victim of "nervous distraction, which renders all labor exacting any energy of attention inexpressibly painful," he has managed to see through the press, and even to preface, a first volume, just appearing, of *Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings published and unpublished*, and containing his autobiography to the threshold of its great era, the discovery of opium. "During the fourteen last years," writes the old man eloquent, "I have received from many quarters in England, in Ireland, in the British colonies and in the United States, a series of letters expressing a far profounder interest in papers written by myself than any which I could ever think myself entitled to look for;"—hence a republication was always determined on, which would never have been made in England, however, had not the preliminary trouble of collecting from far and wide the scattered papers been taken by the Boston (U.S.) firm of Ticknor, Reed and Fields, who deserve honorable mention for having, De Quincey says, "made me a sharer in the profits of the publication, called upon to do so by no law whatever, and assuredly by no expectation of that sort upon my part."—*Critic*.

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